Saturday Review of Literature

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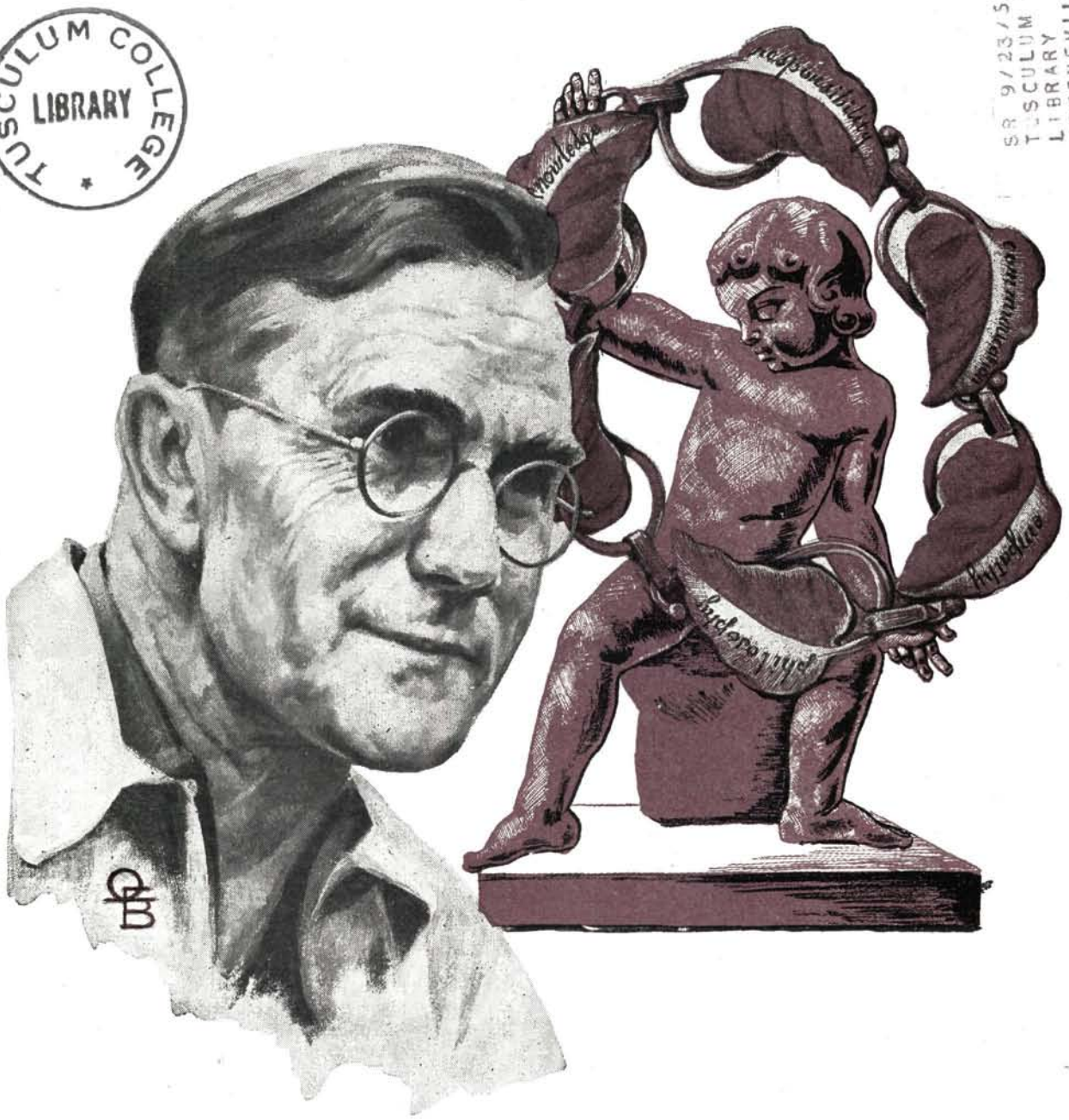

H. A. Overstreet, author of "The Mature Mind." *(See page 8)*

What the War Did to Prose

By RUDOLF FLESCH

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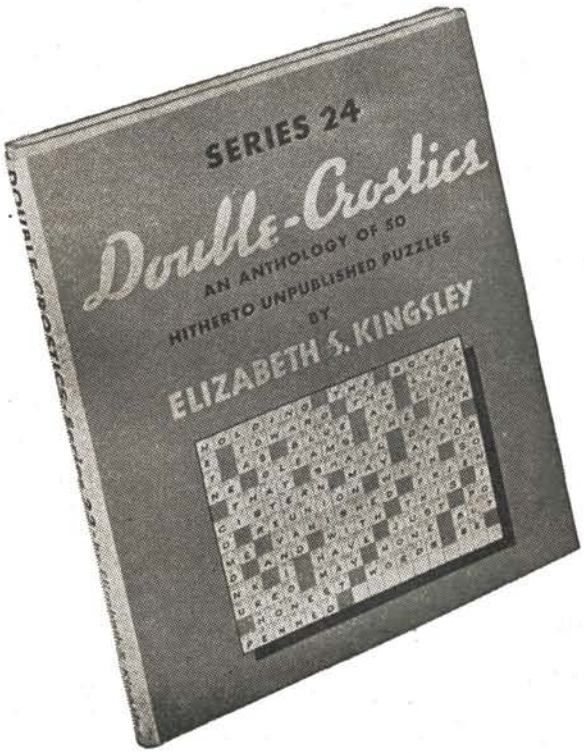

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published **weekly** by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West **45th** Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman **of** the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, **Executive** Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, **Vice** President; Amy Loveman, Secretary Nathan Cohn, **Assistant** Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; **Bert** Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, **Assistant** Circulation Director. Subscription **$6** a year; **$7** in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. **Printed** in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 33, August 13, **1949.** Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in **New** York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. **Indexed** in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Emmett Kelly, the famous clown, and a youthful admirer at the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus in Madison Square Garden.

THE CIRCUS! The thrill of thrills for 138 orphans and the telephone girls who made it all possible

WAS there ever such happiness for a group of eager, excited youngsters as that day at the circus!

It all started with the telephone girls who had taken gifts to the orphanage at Christmas. Someone suggested that it would be nice to take three or four of the kids to the circus.

The idea spread and all the girls began chipping in. Soon there was money enough to take not just three or four but 138!

We mention this because it tells a great deal about the kind of people in the telephone business. They try to be good neighbors and good citizens, as well as good telephone people.

The very nature of telephone work brings them close to the lives and the problems and the emergencies of many people. Their spirit of helpfulness and service extends to many activities beyond the job.

It may be a welfare drive. Or being ever-ready to lend a hand in worthwhile community affairs. Or just by helping a number of orphaned youngsters have a happy day at the circus.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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TRADE Winds

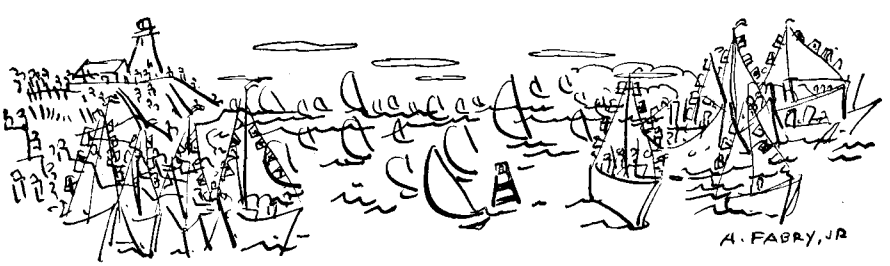
CHRIS MORLEY and Henry Mencken, who dearly love to bedevil their readers by the use of archaic and obscure words, were given cause for reflection by Somerset Maugham's statement to a PEN audience: "The nicest compliment ever paid me was a letter from a private in the Pacific during the war. He wrote that although he never had graduated from grade school, he had read an entire story of mine without having to look up a single word in the dictionary." . . . Speaking of Chris Morley, you probably know that the model for his haunted bookshop was Leary's, on Ninth Street, Philadelphia. Pete Martin recently told the colorful history of this store in *The Saturday Evening Post*. A high spot occurred in the 1920's, when Gimbel's, eager to erect an annex on the plot occupied by Leary's, offered a very fancy price for the property. Leary's said "no." "Better grab our offer," urged Gimbel's. "We can put you on Easy Street." "We don't want to be on Easy Street," insisted Leary's. "We just want to be on Ninth Street." And there they are today, doing fine. . . . When John Farrar went up to New Haven to see his son Curtis graduated from Yale, a lady buttonholed him in front of Mory's and inquired, "Is this the place in the song and may I go in?" "It's the place in the song all right," said John, "but, unfortunately, ladies are not allowed in." The lady consoled herself by remarking, "Shucks, it doesn't look the way I thought it would anyhow. It isn't even spelled right. I always thought it was Morley's. You know, Christopher."...

TED WEEKS, in *The Atlantic Monthly,* expresses surprise at the scarcity of novels which have caught the true spirit of our biggest colleges. "For Princeton," he recalls, "F. Scott Fitzgerald told the story in 'This Side of Paradise.' For Harvard there are two: 'The Diary of a Freshman,' by Charles Flandrau, and the provocative 'Not to Eat, Not for Love,' by George Weller. Owen Johnson, whose books about Lawrenceville, 'The Varmint' and 'The Tennessee Shad' were as lively and full of character as 'Stalky and Company,' was not nearly as successful when he wrote 'Stover at Yale.' It is, I think, the best novel about New Haven, but there ought to be a better. Percy Marks turned Brown upside down in the days of flaming youth with his two books, 'The Plastic Age' and 'Which Way Parnassus?' And that's just about the score. Elusive, apparently indifferent, never the same from one generation to the next, college spirit is not easily to be captured." . . . I'm sure there must be important additions to this list of Ted's, but offhand I can think only of books I read in my youth by George Ade, "Holworthy Hall," and Ralph D. Paine. Can any undergraduates—or their parents—help us out? . . . There's one new novel about prep-school life that I don't think is getting the attention due it, and that is John Horne Burns's "Lucifer with a Book" (Harper). The author of "The Gallery" has let personal anger get a little the better of him this time, and at least one of his more shocking episodes struck me as unnecessary, but the book certainly bowls along on the double, and had me with it every page of the way. . . .

LEO GUILD REPORTS from Warner Brothers that Ayn Rand finished her book about a woman executive in the railroad industry on the eve of the release of her first novel, "The Fountainhead," in motion-picture form. She worked five years on the new opus, untitled as yet. New York reviews of the screen version of "The Fountainhead" were brutal. . . . Another Warnerite has written a whodunit called "Some Like 'Em Shot." ... A sales manager met a bookstore owner from the Midwest and invited him to lunch. "I'd be coming under false pretenses," warned the owner. "Things have turned sour for me. I'm out of the market entirely." "You come with me," urged the sales manager. "I wish I had a hundred like you." "You must have misunderstood me," said the owner. "I said, I'm out of the market entirely." "And what I said," insisted the sales manager, "was that I wish I had a hundred like you. Right now I've got a thousand." ... The Junior Literary Guild is celebrating an anniversary too—its twentieth. When it set up shop in June 1929 at 55 Fifth Avenue, Katherine Ulrich was editor-in-chief. When Miss Ulrich left to get married Helen Ferris replaced her, and what a fine job she has done! ...

WALTER BARNEY, WHO DOESN'T seem to care how he spends his time, has fallen to speculating on how the ghost of Hamlet's father would behave if he came back to earth today. "I can see him now," boasts Barney, "registering at the Ectoplazma Hotel, breakfasting on Ghost Toasties, lunching on Shade row, riding out to Belmont in time for the second wraith, and telling friends, 'I specter see Charlie's Haunt before I dissolve'." What Mr. Barney doesn't know is that the ghost remained permanently in New York. He took apparition with Phantom Books. . . . Sydney Dreyfus reports that a young lady bookseller he knew spent her honeymoon on Canal Street and thought it was Grand. . . . Bernadine Scherman, seeking to prove how unobservant she can be on occasion, cited a time when her son Tom, now an outstanding orchestra conductor, was a boisterous lad of ten. Seeking quiet, Mrs. Scherman suggested, "Why don't you go down and play in that empty lot at the corner?" Tom obeyed, but returned presently to report, "Mother, there's a twelve-story building there!" ... The author of "The Unvanquished" and the editor-in-chief of *Time* were fellow passengers (decidedly not by design) on the *Queen Elizabeth* recently. Farrar, Straus's Pyke Johnson headed the story, "Playing Fast and Luce." ...

ROOTS—According to Betty Pilkington's *American Notes and Queries*, the first book of matches to carry advertising was manufactured by the Diamond Match Company in 1892 for the Mendelson Opera Company. The advertisement was hand-lettered. The only existing copy was insured by the Diamond Match Company this April for $25,000. . . .When Carolyn Wells earned enough money to buy a collection of books for her library, she pasted this plate into every volume: "They borrow books; they will not buy; they have no ethics or religions. I wish some kind Burbankian guy would cross my books with homing pigeons." ... *The New York Times* insists that the phrase "Iron Curtain"



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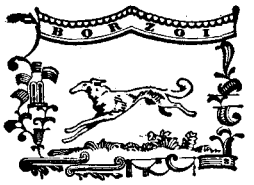
originated with neither Churchill nor Goebbels. It appears on page 69 of George W. Crile's "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace," published in 1915: "France is a nation of forty million with a deep-rooted grievance and an iron curtain at its frontier." For the word "France," of course, all you have to substitute is the word "Germany" for 1938 and "Russia" for 1949. . . . The original Brentano, founder of the famous bookstore chain, once sold a valuable collection of books to a millionaire after all the clerks on the floor had failed to clinch the deal. As he was writing out his check, the millionaire said, "I wonder why you persuaded me so easily to buy these books, after I turned your salesmen down cold." Brentano answered, "They're all fine men, with years of experience in their work. But I have something in my heart they lack. My salesmen *know* books. I *love* them." ... When Fulton Oursler interviewed Winston Churchill, the then Prime Minister graciously volunteered to show his paintings. Oursler regarded a whole roomful of canvases with a knowing eye, and finally announced, "This landscape over the door is far and away the best." "Damn it," blurted Churchill. "That's the one picture in the room I *didn't* paint!"...

***TIDE,* WHICH WATCHES** television announcers like a hawk, caught up with a beautiful snafu at a New York station. A young lady was demonstrating the proper way to mend a hole in a piece of cloth. She put the cloth on an ironing board, the mending material on the hole, and then, as the announcer declared confidently, "In ten seconds the hole will be as good as new," she placed a hot iron on top of the material, and smiled coyly at the audience. The announcer counted to ten, the young lady lifted the iron—and the camera revealed a big, black smoking hole where the iron had burned through the mending material, the torn cloth, and the ironing board itself. . . . Richard Bissell, of Dubuque, has been checking up further on John Marquand's "Point of No Return." "Father Gray," he points out, "gives his daughter and son-in-law a flashy Duesenberg, because 'he had always wanted a foreign car.' Doesn't Mr. Marquand know that the Duesenberg wasn't a foreign car at all? It was made in Indianapolis." I referred Mr. Bissell's note direct to John Marquand, who replied promptly, "I can take no personal responsibility for this error. It was made by a character in the book, Mr. John Gray, and it simply goes to show that Mr. Gray lived in a provincial atmosphere." —BENNETT CERF.



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— *From "As Soldiers See It."*

"Pitching Tents," by John Urbain, U. S. Army.

What the War Did to Prose

RUDOLF FLESCH

FOUR years have passed since the end of the war. It is history now—literary history, too. What has it done to our prose? Has it started a new way of writing? Has it interfered with the growth of literature? Was this war—literally speaking—a stimulant, a handicap, or just an interlude? It's time to have a look.

Spotting trends in prose style usually begins with spotting new words. But the pursuit of vocabulary is futile; new words are apt to tell much about history but little about literary style. There are deeper changes in prose than those visible on the dictionary surface of the language. They are basic shifts in literary technique, in the writer's attitude toward his subject and readers. The war, to be sure, gave us many new words; but has it really changed our way of writing?

Let's look at one of the books that came out of this war: James Michener's "Tales of the South Pacific." It is not a "typical" war book; there is no such book, of course. But it is straight out of the author's war experience. This is how it starts:

> I wish I could tell you about the South Pacific. The way it actually was. The endless ocean. The infinite specks of coral we called islands. Coconut palms nodding gracefully toward the ocean. Reefs upon which waves broke into spray, and inner lagoons, lovely beyond description. I wish I could tell you about the sweating jungle, the full moon rising behind the volcanoes, and the waiting. The waiting. The timeless repetitive waiting.

And when things are getting exciting, Michener writes this way:

> "I'm reporting for patrol," Grant said briefly when he had deposited his gear. "The Jap fleet's on the move."
>
> "We heard something about that," I said. "Are they really out?"
>
> "We think the entire Southern fleet is on the way."
>
> "Where?" we asked in silence that was deep even for a jungle.
>
> "Here," Grant said briefly "Here, and New Zealand. They have eighty transports, we think."
>
> We all breathed rather deeply. Grant betrayed no emotion, and we decided to follow his example. "I should like to speak to all of my crew and all of your ground crew, if you please." We assembled the men in a clearing by the shore.

Michener's style is easy to analyze. It is as simple as can be—conversational to the point of buttonholing "you," the reader, studiously avoiding the display of "fine writing," and carefully hiding emotion behind casual-sounding dialogue. This style comes straight out of the tradition of colloquial, reportorial, unemphatic writing that has been with us since long before this war. In fact, it is the tradition that produced the most famous novel of the other war, Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms."

It is the fashion among literary critics to call this style, with some disdain, "journalistic." The reason is obvious: the plain, unadorned style is best suited to reporting facts and events; it is, and always has been, the style of day-by-day writing. So the simplest description of the war's effect on prose is that it has carried journalism farther into literature than ever before.

Now this statement may mean two things: It may mean to the highbrow that literature has degraded itself by stooping to the level of journalism or to lower brows that journalism is in the process of reaching full literary stature.

The evidence, it seems to me, is on the side of the defenders of journa-

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lism. After the era of the foreign correspondents, after Ernie Pyle and the war reporters, after decades of mounting influence of *The New Yorker*, journalism has produced writing that can stand any literary test—even that of rereading. Journalistic training has enabled John Hersey to find words to describe Hiroshima:

> Then a tremendous flash of light cut across the sky. Mr. Tanimoto has a distinct recollection that it traveled from east to west, from the city toward the hills. It seemed a sheet of sun. Both he and Mr. Matsuo reacted in terror . . . Mr. Matsuo dashed up the front steps into the house and dived among the bedrolls and buried himself there. Mr. Tanimoto took four or five steps and threw himself between two big rocks in the garden. He bellied up very hard against one of them. As his face was against the stone, he did not see what happened. He felt a sudden pressure, and then splinters and pieces of board and fragments of tile fell on him. He heard no roar.

And journalism trained John Gunther later to set down personal tragedy in "Death Be Not Proud":

> Johnny went under oxygen, of course; he was given every known medicant that could possibly help. . . . We got to the hospital at a little after six. Frances and I sat with Johnny or paced the hall or talked on an open terrace at the end of the corridor for a series of long, vacant hours. It was a very hot, clear, dark night. Johnny slept on his side, restfully. He never regained consciousness. He died absolutely without fear, and without pain, and without knowing he was going to die.

And who is to say where journalism ends and literature begins when Robert Sherwood writes contemporary history?

> After dinner he sat on the couch to the left of the fireplace, his feet up on the stool specially built for him, and started reading the last speech draft. Grace Tully sat next to him, taking more dictation. . . . Sometimes Roosevelt read the speech out loud, to see how it sounded, for every word was judged not by its appearance in print but by its effectiveness over the radio. About 10 o'clock, a tray with drinks was brought in. The President sometimes had a glass of beer but more often a horse's neck (ginger ale and lemon peel). He was by now yawning and losing interest in the speech and he usually went to bed before eleven. During these evening sessions the telephone almost never rang. Now and then a dispatch might be brought in, which Roosevelt would read and pass on to Hopkins without a word or a change of expression, but otherwise one would have thought this house the most peaceful, remote retreat in a war-wracked world.

In the face of such writing, the cry of "journalism" loses its sting. It simply isn't so that literature is dragged down by doing everyday chores. Rather, in times of turmoil and war, it is a greater challenge to describe what's going on in the world than to delve into people's minds and souls. Literature and journalism merge: literature falls back on the reporter's craft, and journalism is transformed into literature by the greatness of events.

But not all war books are written in plain style; there is no complete literary austerity in war times. Wars, after all, are results rather than causes. They are, in our world, preceded by years of tension and anxiety—and, for literature, prewar periods seem to be more significant than war itself. "Fine writing" is being written as long as there is peace, and shelter in ivory towers; as the pressure from the outside mounts, writers cannot resist the call to take a hand in world events. Now they want to be heard by the masses, they want to be read; and this is where they turn to the plain style.

This perennial swing of the literary pendulum has been brilliantly described in Cyril Connolly's recently reissued "Enemies of Promise." Of course, the plain and ornate styles of English literature have often been traced before, but Connolly makes matters crystal-clear by re-labeling the two styles "the mandarin" and "the vernacular," and by charting them right up to the outbreak of the war. He defines the "mandarin" writers as those "who would make the written word as unlike as possible to the spoken one," and the "vernacular" writers as those who "never use a word that they would not in conversation." With Connolly as a guide it becomes easy to trace the successive stages of American style: the swing from the prose of Henry James to that of Theodore Dreiser and the realists, the return movement of the Twenties to Cabell, Faulkner, and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"; and the rise, in turn, of prose written by and à la Hemingway. The period just before the war, by this timetable, marks the triumph of the Hemingway "vernacular" school; the war itself, like every war, appears as a time when the literary pendulum remains suspended in mid-air.

FASHION trends are easiest to spot when they have reached department-store basements; similarly, changes in prose style show most clearly in books written for a mass market. Is prose à la Hemingway still in the saddle today? Yes, if you look at the staccato prose of Erle Stanley Gardner:

> Brandon said, "This may be something of a shock, Mrs. Freelman. I hate to take you in here, but I don't know just how to avoid it."
>
> Harry Perkins said, "Sit down, Fido. Down."
>
> The black dog promptly sat down. "Gosh, that's a smart dog," Perkins said. "He's got so he minds everything I tell him."
>
> "This is Mr. Perkins, Mrs. Freelman," Brandon said by way of introduction.
>
> Perkins turned from the dog to say, "How do you do? I'm pleased to know you. I've known your husband ever since he was on the high-school debating team. I was one of the judges. Hello, Gilbert. How are you?"
>
> Gilbert shook hands. "What's this all about?" he asked.
>
> Selby said, "Come on, folks. It's like a cold shower. It's disagreeable, but we've got to get it over with. . . . If you don't mind, Mrs. Freelman, we'll walk down this passageway."
>
> "Look here," Gilbert protested as they moved down the long corridor, "is this a—"
>
> As he hesitated, Selby said, "Yes, it's a corpse."

Here it is, manufactured for mass consumption: the photographic dialogue with all its irrelevancies, the casual directness of life, the naked brutality of everyday talk. And the same is true at the girls' counter, too. Here is Faith Baldwin:

> Meg had dinner with Julius one summer night on a hotel roof. She

(Continued on page 36)

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Ideas and Studies.

Every human being is a bundle of prejudices, although of course in some humans they are more numerous and securely fastened than in others. The authors of two books reviewed below undertake to help their fellow men recognize their biases and discard at least the most reprehensible. David Cushman Coyle, a well-read engineer, in "Day of Judgment" points out the fallacies that govern many Americans' thinking about contemporary economic and political problems. H. A. Overstreet, a philosopher, in "The Mature Mind" calls for the abandonment of childish habits in coping with adult problems. Because both these primers to maturity are unusually able, their books rank among the most important of the season. . . J. L. Ross's "Philosophy in Literature" (see page 10) is based on the Santayanan principle that experience can be approached properly only through literature.

Key to Happy, Balanced Life

THE MATURE MIND. By H. A. Overstreet. New York: W. N. Norton & Co. 295 pp. $2.95.

By Richard M. Brickner

A MAN who cares about his human brethren enough to learn all he can about them in a lifetime, and pass it back to them with humility and love, exhibits the important usages of maturity. Every page of his book reveals that Harry Overstreet is this man, and the reader's growing realization of it takes the book out of the theoretical world and gives it validity and reality.

Anyone who has wondered just what maturity is can find out and remember it by reading this book. "Immaturity" results from arrests of growth at various points in early development. The stunted areas may be relatively vast or small. They tend, in general, to color the adult personality more rather than less. These arrests cause people to try to solve adult problems with childhood machinery. This is the loom on which Dr. Overstreet weaves a cloth whose design includes all the social issues which are so threatening to a society which has drifted blindly into 1949.

He constructs his patterns by showing how the immaturities of all of us generate trouble when we are students, mothers and fathers, church-goers, members of unions, sects, and governments. He does all this without offending anybody because he finds it possible to omit attacking anyone. He has been able to demonstrate how immaturities in these various arenas so shape society as to lead to dissensions of greater and greater magnitude, from battles at home to war. He tells how, most tragically of all, these shapings perpetuate themselves, making the matter of being optimistic all the harder, unless some drastic but possible changes are made in human teaching and learning.

The chapters on economics and on the home appear especially striking. A highly satisfactory linkage of these psychological themes with religion is also achieved. To illustrate and round out his points and themes, Dr. Overstreet brings in factual data from a wide variety of non-psychological sources. Any attentive reader will learn from this book. Even a skipping reader will be caught by references to himself and will probably be unable to resist tracing out the meaning.

A key theme in the book is the quest to "belong," in which everybody is necessarily engaged. The need to identify with others seems to be almost as demanding as the needs of the stomach and of sex. Dr. Overstreet points to this when he mentions a child's "need to be noticed"—to be recognized as a dignified member of the human species. He also indicates the social dangers implicit in this need today, and how it may catastrophically defeat its own ends, when he tells of how industrialization "has largely taken from the ordinary person his pre-industrial sense of *belonging* to his society . . ." and how "he joins a trade association, or a manufacturers association, or a union, or a group dedicated to the perpetuation of racial superiority; and in each instance he gains a sense of belonging by making it less likely than before that his generous imagination will extend to include those human beings who are outside the select group." This very tendency stimulates frictions between groups which may, in

THE AUTHOR: In a world of rampant specialization, Harry Allen Overstreet shines as an inspiring example of one who has succeeded in living out the life of the whole man. A far cry from the proverbial academic and theorizing prototype usually associated with the name, this philosopher not only has a continuing curiosity toward all facets of life, but constantly searches for the interrelationships which synthesize seemingly autonomous realms of knowledge. After winning his academic spurs from the University of California and Oxford at the turn of the century, Overstreet settled down to a ten-year stint teaching philosophy on the California campus. One year his students were astonished to discover that Professor Overstreet had joined the working class; in order to gather first-hand evidence of what life was like in an industrial economy, he spent a year making rubber shoes for the U. S. Rubber Company, polishing bearings in a machine shop, and sewing sacks for the Hawaiian Sugar Company. In 1911 the College of the City of New York beckoned, and there for many years he was head of the philosophy department. Since 1939 Professor Overstreet has devoted himself wholly to lecturing and writing ("Let Me Think," 1939, and "Our Free Minds," 1941). It is in this way, he feels, that he can best accomplish his life's purpose, which is to awaken adults to the need for continuing their own education and furthering their intellectual and emotional maturity. "Adulthood," he believes, "is the time for putting into effect a wisdom about life that childhood and youth are unable as yet even to possess." Too few adults take advantage of this opportunity, with results which are often tragic and sometimes alarming. "The most dangerous members of our society," he contends, "are those grown-ups whose powers of influence are adult, but whose motives and responses are infantile." Yet Overstreet is no apostle of doom; indeed, he radiates confidence in mankind. As one of his friends once observed, "To know Harry Overstreet is to know what a better world should be like."

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the name of loyalty to one's own group, lead to any level of overt, hostile action.

As for what may be done about it, the book itself is the best evidence that something good can happen. Again without knowing it, the author himself has become the example, and in doing so he shows something of how others may achieve maturity. Dr. Overstreet can do this because in his own maturing he grew to identify himself with every living soul, and now he invites us all to share the same identification.

This is what he means when he indicates ways in which One World may yet be achieved, when he speaks of "a *maturing* person—one whose *linkages with life* are constantly becoming stronger and richer . . ." (italics his) and when he says "to mature, in brief, is progressively to accept the fact that the human experience is a shared experience; the human predicament, a shared predicament. . . ."

This reviewer does not agree with everything said by the author, but he thinks that the book as a whole is important enough not to worry about minor criticisms. Perhaps the major place of difference is in how much Dr. Overstreet limits himself in recommending what may be done. He recommends much more than broader identifications and ways to achieve them. The suggestions in the last chapter are fine, but the entire content of the book hints at more. In particular, the author's own meanings indicate one broad measure more far-reaching than the proposals actually made. He very much wants adults to seek the insights available today, to achieve the greatest possible awareness of what they do, and he specifies ways by which they may attempt it. But in discussing the teaching of children, he stops short of suggesting education by those same insights. This could be done, beginning in quite early days.

Dr. Overstreet says that really mature adults would know truly how children should be reared. A strong doubt of this may be raised. The most mature of us are by necessity so much the creatures of our own cultures that we must cling irrationally to many of its precepts, even though we know some rearrangements would be an advantage. None of us was reared with the insights we know today as an intrinsic part of our structures. Even those who have learned a great deal as adults, first met the problems of human relations without the insight which would have made the difficulties so much easier. By the time one is grown up disrupting patterns are established. Yet insight has been a considerable unraveler for those relatively few adults privileged to attain it.

An adult can only imagine the kind of society which would be brewed by a generation reared on the insights we now try to gain only when we have become immature adults. What we can do is promote the idea of making these insights part and parcel of the structure of people by introducing children to them and helping them to experience them as they grow up. This could be done especially well in school. Children knowing a good deal about human evolution, structure, and behavior would live by this knowledge just as "naturally" as children do now by blind, insightless precepts. Possibly people reared in this way might be trusted to develop a society compatible with human health and life.

Richard M. Brickner, M.D., is a New York psychiatrist.

Modern Man's Conflicting Drives

DAY OF JUDGMENT. By David Cushman Coyle. New York: Harper & Bros. 212 pp. $3.

By Paul M. O'Leary

FREQUENTLY when engineers and physical scientists have turned their attention to social phenomena, the results have been distressingly bad, whether written in books or exhibited in acts of public policy and administration. But in books written and public tasks performed, David Cushman Coyle has consistently shown exceptional qualities of perception and understanding of social phenomena even though his training and much of his early experience were in the field of engineering. Beginning with the early days of the Great Depression, he has devoted his attention to thoughtful consideration of the pressing and ever lively political and economic issues of the strenuous twenty years through which we have come. Mr. Coyle has also read widely in social psychology and in the mass of material covering the now popular field of "human relations" to which sociologists and anthropologists, particularly the Elton Mayo group, have contributed so much in the past fifteen years.

David Cushman Coyle analyzes man's pull "toward the 'totalitarian ant hill'."

In his "Day of Judgment," Mr. Coyle now gives us some of the results of his thinking for the purpose, as he says, of applying "a crude form of semantics to some of the problems of politics and economics and to outline how they fit into the whole destiny pattern of the moment." The result is a lively and stimulating discussion of positive and negative freedom, political democracy and the pitfalls of carrying the concept of democracy over into the economic sphere, abuse of our limited natural resources and the specter of modern Malthusianism, good economic planning and bad economic planning, and the curse of bigness whether it be bigness of business concerns, labor unions, or government bureaucracies.

Mr. Coyle sees modern man, including the American variety, carried by some of his "drives" or "instincts" along the road toward the "totalitarian ant hill" with its ordered security and its fulfillment of man's need for a sense of "belonging." But other "drives" push us along the road to "liberty" or "freedom" (Coyle uses the words interchangeably). Substantial positive freedom exists only where men are able to "get away," to change jobs, to compare opportunities and choose among them, and, having chosen, to find a sense of fulfillment from "belonging" and being a part, perhaps small but nevertheless important, of where they are and in what they do. "Bigness" in industry and in organized labor curtails the ordinary man's ability to choose, to change, to quit and try elsewhere without inordinate loss and delay. Modern technology and the gradual disappearance of the frontier have inevitably limited man's

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freedom as Coyle defines it, but he argues vigorously and on the whole pretty convincingly that much of our prevalent "bigness" in industry is not necessary under accurate criteria of technical efficiency, but represents really the result of selfish efforts to twist and manipulate legal devices in order to "control the market." Mr. Coyle does not spare "big" labor unions whose industry-wide powers make them even more of a threat to real human freedom than are many "big business" units. But I do wish he had seen the necessity of cleaning up this situation in the construction industry before approving an underwriting of the industry by a public housing program.

Extremists and "one remedy" addicts will not like "Day of Judgment." Mr. Coyle is too "well-adjusted" a person to please them. But it seems to me that he has written a book which most of us can read with satisfaction and benefit, particularly those of us who like to think of ourselves as "liberals" but who in increasing numbers have become unsure of just what liberalism is and what it is that we are really *for*. Many who fancy themselves "liberals" will be taken aback by parts of "Day of Judgment." Its author never makes the common mistake of assuming that anyone who, with or without financial compensation, takes or at least purports to take a beneficent interest in the welfare of "poor people" is necessarily a "liberal."

Paul M. O'Leary is dean of the School of Business and Public Administration of Cornell University. His works include "Banking and Corporations" and "Introduction to Money."

The History of Human Whiskers

BEARDS. By Reginald Reynolds. New York: Doubleday & Co. 310 pp. $3.

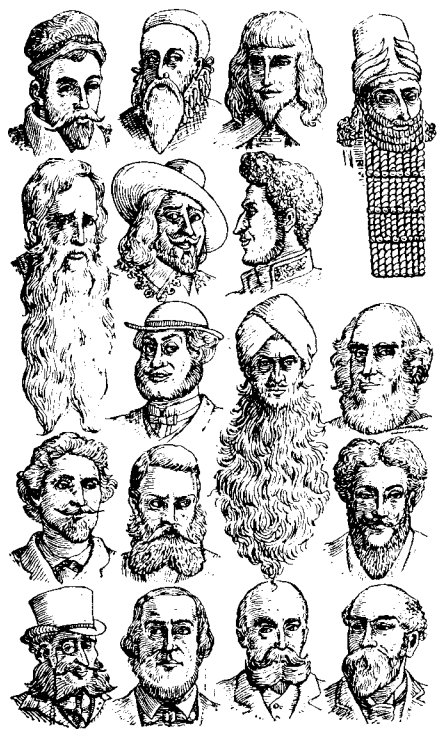
By John T. Winterich

THE full title of this book is "Beards: Their Social Standing, Religious Involvements, Decorative Possibilities, and Value in Offence and Defence Through the Ages." That seems to indicate a humorous treatment—humor combined, in the nature of the subject, with a certain amount of esoteric erudition. I am sorry to report that I found the humor ponderous and the erudition spotty. Here are examples:

> Those who have experimented with a large moustache must have learnt from that experience the difficulties which it can create, as described already in the case of the Gauls and Britons. It was possible that this fact was partly responsible for the nineteenth-century *Varmer Joiles* style of beard, as described at the end of the last chapter, and it has been said that Abraham Lincoln adopted a similar fashion merely in order to avoid unnecessary complications with the soup. . . .

> *Abe Lincoln's beard.* The beard was so important in America by 1860 that Abraham Lincoln occupied valuable time during the Presidential elections of that year by staying at home in order to grow one, evidently regarding it as a valuable asset at the White House —a beard was becoming almost as necessary as a Bible to a rising demagogue, and Lincoln was a shrewd observer.

This business of the beard in politics moved me to spend more time than I thought it was going to take in investigating the beardedness and beardlessness of the Presidents of the United States. I was astonished to discover that of the thirty-two occupants of the office, twenty-two were smooth-shaven. Three wore moustaches, one sideburns, and one sideburns *and* moustache. Only five were bearded, and all five held office between 1861 and 1893. The first seven Presidents were smooth-shaven, and the last six have been smooth-shaven. Mr. Reynolds is welcome to this data if he wants it.



—From the book.

Ideas and Ideologies

PHILOSOPHY IN LITERATURE. By Julian L. Ross. Syracuse, N. Y.: Syracuse University Press. 286 pp. $3.

By Jules Schwerin

THE motto that opens this book offers the key to the subject matter: "Only literature can describe experience, for the excellent reason that the terms of experience are moral and literary from the beginning." Thus, continues Santayana, life, concerned with practical matters, is transformed by the mind into "pleasures and pains, and into many-colored ideas."

In literature of serious content ideas are ever-present specters hovering over that which has been consciously realized. Admitting readily that philosophical beliefs have "a tendency to become too abstract," Professor Ross evolved a course for undergraduate philosophers that coats the abstract theories with concrete literary references.

As an intellectual assault upon the tendency of American universities to departmentalize knowledge, this work is justifiable. It is doubtful to what extent Professor Ross explores new territory; essentially a work of exposition in which original literary productions are evaluated in terms of areas of philosophical investigation, the book succeeds in offering a rich tapestry of "ideas and ideologies."

Hedonism, the pleasure principle, is exemplified by such diverse items as "The Rubaiyat," the "Maxims" of Epicurus, "Point Counter Point," and Sir John Falstaff. Professor Ross is next concerned with Stoic Endurance, a category into which are placed all the anti-hedonists such as Marcus Aurelius, Wordsworth, Arnold, Hemingway, and Iago. The five remaining chapters reveal the divergent views of the Rational Ideal of antiquity; Christianity and critics of its ethical distortions, Shaw and Dostoievsky. Considerations are given to the nature of reality, practitioners of optimism and pessimism in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and, in conclusion, evil, the "vicious mole of nature," is investigated from a point in Hamlet through Keats to Thomas Mann. As Professor Ross makes no special claims for literature to solve the questions of suffering, he looks for "an attitude of mind, an emotional set."

Like the author of this intellectual survey, we must agree that the reconciliation of "a world of good and evil with an emotional insight beyond the reach of logic" is the province of the creative imagination that perhaps not even philosophers can seize.

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The World.

As we pointed out a fortnight ago in reviewing Philipp Frank's "Modern Science and Its Philosophy" and Alexander H. Leighton's "Human Relations in a Changing World," the logical empiricist is convinced that science ultimately can answer definitely and completely all problems, including those involving human relations. In "The High Cost of Vengeance," the important new book on present-day Germany reviewed below by W. L. White, Freda Utley remarks that it is an ironic and tragic fact that the very people who urge the empirical approach to human problems all too frequently refuse to apply the principle in the case of the Germans. Sean O'Faolain's delightful "The Irish" (see page 12) suggests that that race is so irrational it would tax the analysis and logic of the hardiest empiricist.

Allied Failure in Germany

***THE HIGH COST OF VENGEANCE.** By Freda Utley. Hinsdale, Ill.: Henry Regnery Co. 310 pp. $3.50.*

By W. L. White

FREDA UTLEY has written both a very angry book and a very important one. To put her thesis in simple terms, she is angry because she does not like Nazis, and is therefore horrified to find that the present Allied occupation of Germany, which was supposed to stamp out National Socialism, has nevertheless adopted policies the inevitable result of which has been to convince an increasing number of Germans that maybe after all Hitler was right, and that his only mistake was that he lost the war.

While the study of human behavior is not yet an exact science, nevertheless its basic principles are beginning to be understood. We know that if certain pressures are put, either on an individual or a nation, its behavior will then fall into an easily predictable pattern. The frightening memory of the almost incredibly vast Nazi crimes against humanity should be preserved, not as a measure of the vengeance we should take against the German people, but as a measure of the gravity of the mass-schizophrenia which has gripped a once-civilized nation, a disease which clearly had its origin in our treatment of that nation after the Treaty of Versailles, and which it is now our task to cure.

It is one which calls not for mawkish "forgiveness" but for cool, scientific understanding; not for a sentimental turning of the other cheek but for self-discipline and detachment, which will enable us to perform the most badly needed job of "social engineering" of our time.

How are we measuring up? Well, Miss Utley, in this badly needed volume of Western democratic self-criticism, points out sadly that

—Bu'ck in the Chicago Times.

"His Dish."

> the very same people who would insist at home in America that juvenile delinquency and adult crime are the result either of being underprivileged or of an unhappy childhood, and that criminals should be psychoanalyzed and reformed, not starved, reviled, and imprisoned, want to continue punishing the whole German people for their past.

Possibly the most valuable chapter in Miss Utley's book is her first in which she points out that "the tragedy of modern history is that the Germans have always been kicked around when they were pacifically minded," so that inevitably "the apostles of violence have again won leadership . . . following the failure of the democrats and anti-militarists to win a fair deal."

But her well-documented economic chapters on Western Germany today are scarcely less vital. In spite of the fact that production per acre in Germany is already fifty per cent higher than in the United States, Western Germany can never produce, according to our ECA experts, more than fifty per cent of the food it needs. And to get the rest Western Germany must exports at least two billion dollars' worth of manufactured goods annually. Yet we make this impossible by limiting her production of steel, which deprives Europe and the world of vitally needed machinery and construction materials. Instead we expect Germany to produce for export only such things as textiles and ceramics, flooding the world with German toys at a time when it needs German locomotors and German steel girders.

In all of this, Allied motives are mixed. If the original American "goat-pasture" policy was dictated by vengeance, the British Socialists now favor it because a revived Germany which could crawl down from the backs of the American taxpayer and meet its own grocery bill with exports which the world needs would necessarily compete in the world market with British exports. Therefore the ban on German shipbuilding is continued, and the British have even dismantled German factories making coffee pots, skillets, and kettles.

After its final chapter the American reader puts down Miss Utley's important work of democratic self-criticism with a feeling of shame and regret on two scores. The first is that we seem now to be abandoning our original "goat-pasture" policy not so much because we are ashamed of it, as we should be, but largely because we see that Stone Age vengeance is a spiritual luxury whose cost in dollars is too great even for a nation so rich as ours. Secondly, we seem at last to be seriously tackling the job of reconstructing a truly democratic Germany largely from the somewhat sordid motive that, if we fail at our task of "social engineering," the Soviet Union certainly will succeed with their competitive brand.

Of course the sum of Allied mistakes in Germany cannot for an instant be compared to the coldly calculated Nazi crimes against humanity during the war. The difference is, however, that our cruel stupidities are not being perpetrated in the name of our peoples by a dictatorship. They are the acts of free and democratic governments, for which every citizen is directly responsible. So we can never say—as did the Germans in 1945 and with some reason—"We did not know" or "This was not our doing!"

W. L. White is the author of "Lost Boundaries" and "Zero Hour," a book dealing with foreign affairs.

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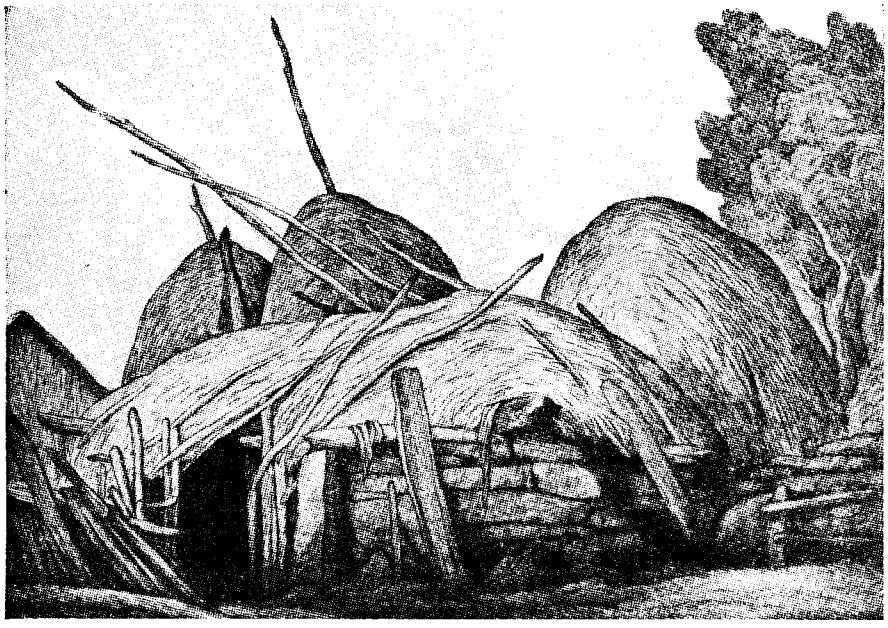

"Finnegan's Hovel," by Thomas Nason.

Folk with More Rhyme than Reason

THE IRISH: A Character Study. By Sean O'Faolain. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 180 *pp.* $2.75.

By Ann F. Wolfe

A MAD and maddening people are the Irish, a folk with more rhyme than reason, more charm than discipline, more sensibility than sense, rebels "excellent at the thing but not good at the idea." A handful of romantic individualists, they carry the impact of an army. Who indeed but an Irishman would dare search the soul of his race with the stark white light that plays over these explosive pages?

Sean O'Faolain calls his brilliant piece of socio-psychological pioneering "a creative history of the growth of a racial mind." And, by Conn of the Hundred Battles, has he let himself in for it! He strips his compatriots bare of the comfortable old explanation for Ireland's political immaturity, that "seven hundred years of slavery" imposed by foreign invaders. He would have the Irish wear instead the hairshirt of their own Irishness. "The greatest curse of Ireland has not been the English invasions or English misgovernment; it has been the exaggeration of Irish virtues . . . to that point where every human quality can become a vice instead of a virtue." The Homeric roar that you hear is Notre Dame's oncharging "subway alumni" out for blood.

In his role of Irish De Tocqueville the author analyzes the raw material of the racial genius and traces the evolution of a national civilization as enriched by invading Danes, Normans, and "Saxons." The Danes built towns; the Normans added abbeys and castles and the influence of Provençal love-poetry; the Anglo-Irish brought "a greater concentration of civil gifts than any previous, or later, colonisers." It was out of a combination of Anglo-Irish intelligence and a sense of injustice among the native Irish that the country's nationalism took shape.

Mythology, religion, and literature, needless to say, form an integral part of this personality study of a quixotic breed of men. In his own scholarly and provocative fashion Mr. O'Faolain discusses Ireland's new peasantry, her rebel leaders, her priests, and her writers. He explores the Puritanism that is germinal to Ireland's literary censorship. Provincialism and nationalism, he feels, are the big problems that confront the modern Irish writer.

Making due allowance for healthy iconoclasm, I wonder if Mr. O'Faolain does not lean backwards in his treatment of England's politico-religious barbarism. Certainly he is, at times, over-hard on the Irish. He fails to give them sufficient credit for the unique purity of their pre-Norman art. He deplores Ireland's lack of this and that—wine, for example. Now what need has a country of wine that brews mellow stout on the Liffey and distills classic potables up Coleraine way? As for the Irish rebel's failure to contribute to political science, too many political scientists are pretty dull fellows. And dulness is a fault you will never find in a rebel named Sean O'Faolain.

South Pacific

THE CORAL SEA. By Alan Villiers. New York: Whittlesey House. 310 *pp.* $4.

By Carl Stroven

THE Coral Sea is the vast, reef-littered area of ocean enclosed by the coast of Australia on the west and by the arc of Melanesian islands on the east. On and over its waters, along the beaches and in the jungles of its islands, American forces in 1942 stopped the incredibly swift advance of the Japanese. Thus, for a time, the strange place names in this far-off quarter of the Pacific flared in the headlines of every newspaper. Few people, however, are acquainted with much of the colorful history of this sea.

Alan Villiers tells the story of this region in his excellent new book "The Coral Sea." He has written it out of full knowledge gained from two sources: from many books about the area, including narratives of voyagers, adventurers, missionaries, and scientists; and from experience and observation, gained when in 1935-36 he sailed throughout the Coral Sea as owner and master of the full-rigged ship *Joseph Conrad*. The result is an interesting, generally accurate, well-constructed narrative of history and adventure—from the first voyages of discovery to the defeat of the Japanese invaders in World War II.

Villiers chronicles the voyages of European navigators who sought to pierce this savage sea. First came the Portuguese, who touched briefly at New Guinea early in the sixteenth century, searching for spice islands and gold. Then the Spaniards, fired by legends of a rich and civilized continent in the Pacific, sent expeditions from Peru. The young and inexperienced Captain Alvaro de Mendaña discovered the Solomon Islands and, years later, tried to found a colony on the island of Santa Cruz. The colonists fought among themselves, were ambushed by natives, were destroyed by disease; Mendaña died; and his wife Doña Ysabel and a few survivors made their way in a rotten, worm-bored ship to the Spanish settlement at Manila. De Queiros, a religious zealot, sought the fabled continent with the intention of founding there a New Jerusalem. He landed on and named the large island of Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides Group; but before long his officers, disgruntled at the hardships and futility of the venture, deposed him as leader and sailed back to America.

Lured by the legend of *Terra Australis Incognita* and the hope of profit

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from trade, other nations sent their voyagers into the Western Pacific. The Hollanders—Schouten, Tasman, and Roggeveen—added substantially to the knowledge of Pacific geography, but none of them penetrated far into the Coral Sea. The Frenchman Bougainville rediscovered the long-lost Solomon Islands, found the Louisiades, and, deep in the Coral Sea, came close to its unknown western limits. Several Englishmen, too, searched the area—Dampier the buccaneer, Byron, Carteret, and Wallis; but it remained for Captain Cook, the greatest navigator of them all, to unlock the secret of this sea. In a tubby Whitby collier, *The Endeavor*, he sailed the length of the Great Barrier Reef, finding and charting the Eastern coast of the real Southern continent, Australia.

By the nineteenth century most of the Coral Sea islands had been discovered. They now fell prey to those maritime locusts, the sandalwood trader and the blackbirder. The natives were cheated, their villages were burned, they were shot down wantonly, and they were sold virtually as slaves.

When the missionaries arrived, in ships that resembled other ships on a different errand, it is no wonder that the natives met them with suspicion and hostility. These were white men and all white men were enemies to be killed as soon as an opportunity afforded. Thus many gentle and good men found a martyr's death on the beaches of Melanesia. Among them the most illustrious were John Williams, clubbed to death at Dillon's Bay on Erromanga, and Bishop John Patteson, who, after ten years of successful work with the natives, was killed by them to avenge the enormities of a recent visit from a blackbirding schooner. The missionaries persevered, however, and much credit belongs to them for bringing not only Christianity but also education and medical attention.

The book closes with a compact account of the war in the Coral Sea, which is noteworthy because it acknowledges the help of the natives, whose wholehearted opposition to the Japanese speaks well for their courage and loyalty and also for a latter-day enlightened colonial administration.

For Alan Villiers "The Coral Sea" is a new type of book, which will add to his reputation as author of "Falmouth for Orders" and "Cruise of the Conrad." He has written an absorbing history, rich with varied incident and little-known colorful characters.

Carl Stroven is co-editor of "The Spell of the Pacific," a new anthology of writing about the largest ocean.

Fiction. *A new publishing season is dawning and the week brings four first-rate novels to prove it. Robert Carver North's "Revolt in San Marcos," a picture of the clash between Old and New World cultures in a Central-American republic, is an achievement of such a high order that, as Herschel Brickell comments, "it may well become a classic." Theodore Bonnet's "The Mudlark" brings Benjamin Disraeli and Queen Victoria's Britain to extraordinarily vivid life—an accomplishment all the more remarkable because its author is an American. Norman Katkov, whose "Eagle at My Eyes" was one of the distinguished novels of the season before last, offers another perceptive report on Jewish-American life, "A Little Sleep, A Little Slumber." Boris Ilyin's "The Green Boundary" is a cleanly-told story of a young Russian-American officer's encounter with the Soviet military in postwar Germany.*

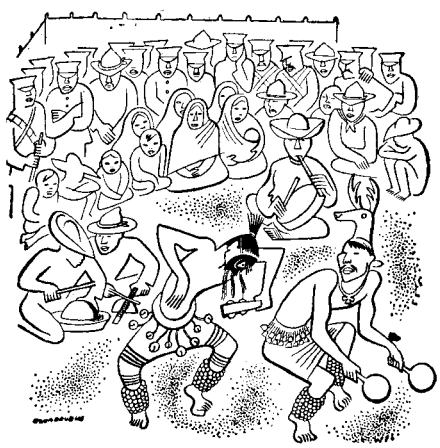
Trouble in Central American Ruritania

REVOLT IN SAN MARCOS. By Robert Carver North. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 433 pp. $3.50.

By Herschel Brickell

THIS remarkable novel, the work of a fine scholar filled with passion, goes straight to the heart of the Latin American problem, the clash of New and Old World cultures, the conflict, as yet unresolved, between conquerors and conquered. It is a daring experiment in what Mr. North calls "the sublimation of actual experiences too real to be forgotten," and only in the hands of a man whose head and heart are perfectly synchronized could it have been anything like so successful as it is.

The author is married to an American Indian, which may help somewhat to account for the depths of comprehension and feeling he has for his Indian characters, whose protagonist he is. But the achievement, unequaled in any book of which this reviewer has knowledge, is a result of great talent playing upon rich material, and it stands as a work of art that may very well become a classic.



—Covarrubias.

These are words to be set down only after prayer and meditation, but they were fully weighed and considered before they were written. It is fair to explain that the reviewer is pro-Indian, but he has done his best to keep a measure of critical detachment, however much he might agree with Mr. North's point of view.

The novel is based upon the life story of an Indian called Carlos Chichiyan, born in a non-existent Central American country, but very like all the nations of that area where there are large Indian populations, Mexico and Guatemala especially. Mr. North has even invented names for national languages such as Nachectl and Xlalak, which no more exist in life than Carlos, his hero, but which are made to sound authentic and convincing.

It is the growing up of Carlos that furnishes the thread of the narrative. He is played upon by various ideologies and his quick Indian mind swallows and digests what is offered. The love of his life is Sapho, half-Scotch daughter of a Haitian mother, all woman, beautiful, shrewd, and passionate, and their love story is as skilfully handled as anything else in the book.

The climax comes with an attack on San Marcos, and the dictator Ronca, a brutal scoundrel, is perfectly recognizable even though synthesized. These revolts are bloody in Latin America, even in such centers of culture as Bogota, "the Athens of America," and Mr. North spares no realistic details. But whether he is writing of sex or war, he is the honest poet, hell-bent upon telling the truth, not engaging in sensationalism to titivate the timid and the impotent.

In tracing the mental development

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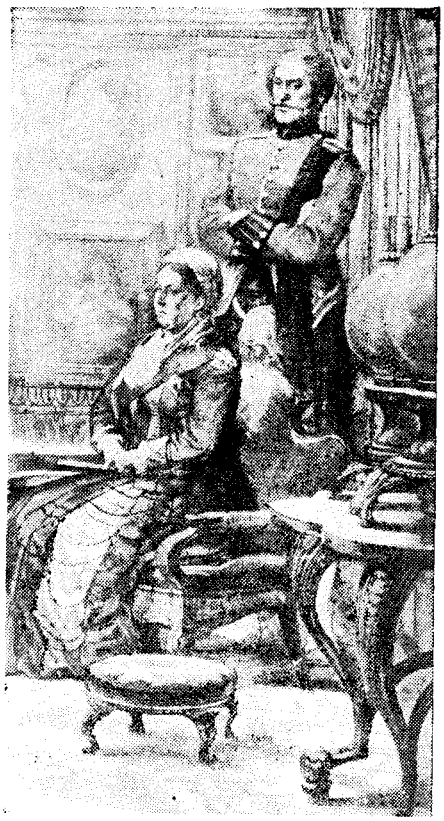
of Carlos, Mr. North faced two problems. One was, of course, that he himself had to have a firm grasp of political philosophies. The other, and much more difficult one, was to keep Carlos credible as a human being within time and space. The second thing he has done, although readers who do not know Indians may find themselves doubting the full authenticity of the hero's growth, if they can stop reading long enough to think about it.

One of the primary uses of fiction, to make life real and vivid and to make people see and feel it, is a clean accomplishment of this impressive book. To read it is an experience likely to "engage" the emotions, in a current phrase of French criticism, and if this happens the reader will be left a changed person, with a widened horizon and a deepened understanding of a problem which is in its essence quite as much our own as it is our neighbors' to the south of us.

And like all good fiction, Mr. North's novel is filled with color, excitement, and movement, so that one reads it for its own sake, the other benefits being what they should be, extra dividends.



—*From the book jacket of "The Mudlark."*

East Ender & 'Er Majesty the Queen

THE MUDLARK. By Theodore Bonnet. New York: Doubleday & Co. 305 pp. $3.

By William Soskin.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI has become the most expert scene-stealer in the theatre of modern historical fiction. Queen Victoria may be the stellar character of a novel, spotlighted in the center of the stage, and romantic lords and swooning ladies of the Victorian ensemble may exhibit their graciousness in wholesale quantities—but it is the aging, enigmatic, Oriental-flavored Disraeli who emerges the matinee idol. In Mr. Bonnet's adroit, graceful story of a crisis in the crumbling years of the Widow of Windsor's reign, "Dizzy" steals the show once again, even though his sad eyes, his strong, delicate nose, his sensuous, sharply chiseled lips, his foppish clothes, and his razor-edged wit have to compete with an extraordinary and appealing little juvenile, the Mudlark.

We find the leading players right at the outset foregathered in a high, square Windsor room with crimson silk walls and a great canopy of gold, where sits the doughty little widow with the wilful mouth, surrounded by her fat vases, figurines, and tapestries. Mr. Disraeli is there, too, pursuing his ironically sentimental idyll with Victoria and incidentally persuading her of the wisdom of British imperial adventures in the East and the purchase of the Suez Canal. And suddenly the Mudlark is there—a sniffling, dirty little boy from London's East End who has sneaked into Windsor Castle to have a look at 'Er Majesty the Queen.

To store up "infinite riches in a little room," as Mr. Bonnet does in this Windsor chamber, requires expert theatrical direction and sound historical research. Because of his skilfully concealed documentation and his authentic settings, his careful use of the vernacular, and his sound political knowledge, he can present his story as a seemingly unrestrained comedy of manners. The Mudlark's invasion of the royal precincts, itself a slight and amusing footnote to history, becomes a symbolic representation of the proletarian invasion of the British national consciousness. And before Mr. Disraeli is through exploiting the incident, it becomes a Parliamentary springboard whereby a program of benevolent social legislation is projected in Great Britain.

The conventional complications of the comic situation of the Mudlark, the beleaguered officers of the court, the romances and politics of Windsor sag a little in the middle of Mr. Bonnet's story. That is a characteristic of almost all humorous and farcical fiction, but the fault is hardly noticeable in the dazzling light that surrounds the figure of Mr. Disraeli. For "Dizzy" is not to be contained in any silken Windsor room, and Mr. Bonnet permits his spirit and his memories to roam back to the emotional chaos of Disraeli's youth when the frustrated young artist decided to use the stuff of life as an art, to use politics for the intellectual and spiritual expression of the artist.

All the mysteries of the Disraeli personality are potently invaded here—the personality that basked in the favor of the great Victorian glamour-ladies, as well as in the loyal affection of the giddy Mary Anne who was the wife of his Jane Austen kind of marriage. To an M.P. in Mr. Bonnet's story, a fellow who tactlessly asks Disraeli whether he isn't embarrassed by a wife who publicly proclaims her husband as more handsome in a bath than any Greek sculpture, he replies: "Not at all. I possess only one quality in which most men are deficient—gratitude."

When that wife died it left him desolate, for Mr. Bonnet makes us understand that Disraeli needed the inspiration of women, was enchanted by them even while he performed wonders for their delight. No wonder, then, that Disraeli delights the hearts of his matinee audiences in a novel; but the further miracle lies in the fact that he learned to please and master men and parliamentarians also. He learned not to be too brilliant, too witty, to be a little dull and a little boring, so that his dramatic climaxes might be all the more effective.

The speech Disraeli makes to Parliament in the climax of this story reflects that wisdom and that experience. It would be a mistake to suppose the Mudlark to be an ordinary ragamuffin, he said. He came from the slums, where his body, his spirit, and his soul had been attacked by his country. Nevertheless, he exhibits an unnatural love for that country, and he wants to see her mother, the Queen. "It seems to me," Mr. Disraeli says, "that no duke or admiral has ever paid the Queen of the United Kingdom a handsomer compliment."

Disraeli's honors in this story are exceeded by only one person's—the author's. That an American should have produced this first novel tinctured with so affecting a sachet of Victorian nostalgia, sentimental warmth, and knowing realism is something of a miracle.

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Thin-Blooded Bluebloods

LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE. By Nancy Mitford. New York: Random House. 304 *pp.* $2.75.

By Pamela Taylor

"THE Pursuit of Love" was such a thoroughly entertaining, deliciously witty, and slightly naughty novel of love among England's upper classes, with the outrageously amusing Radlett children as star performers, that a following volume ought to be extremely good news. Such, alas, is really not quite the case. I do not believe Miss Mitford could write a dull book, but here she has certainly fallen far short of her past performance.

This time we have the story of Lord Montdore, the "best-looking viceroy we ever sent to India," who, in his prime, had not only "controlled the destinies of men but the vulgarities of his wife"; of Lady Montdore, whose "terrible, relentless rudeness had become proverbial," and of their daughter Polly, the greatest beauty in England. Polly found it impossible to take an interest in love or to make the brilliant marriage her mother hoped for her ("was Lady Montdore not envisaging something very grand indeed when she gave her the name of Leopoldina? Had this not a vaguely Coburg flavor which might one day be most suitable?"). Her highly unsuitable match, and her mother's apotheosis into a madly chic, blue-haired, neat-faced old lady are preludes to what is surely one of the most startling "happy endings" in fiction.

Kitty, daughter of "The Bolter," tells the story in the first person as she did "The Pursuit of Love," and it is a great pleasure to encounter again Uncle Matthew, one of the most consistent haters of all time, with an entertaining habit of referring to this or that man of his acquaintance as "that sewer"; Uncle Davey (embarked on an extraordinary health regimen entailing a series of shocks to the system, in order to keep the glands on their toes) and Aunt Emily; and the two youngest Radlett girls, still insatiably curious, though they do not appear nearly enough.

A curious atmosphere of thin-blooded inertia pervades the whole plot, and it is not until Cedric, the golden-haired, exquisite unknown from Nova Scotia, to whom the Montdore estates pass in entail, appears, that the author lets herself go. The portrait of Cedric is a masterpiece.

The fact that the distractingly pretty Nancy Mitford, author of "Love in a Cold Climate," is the daughter of the second Baron Redesdale, and wife of the Honorable Peter Murray Rennell Rodd, would, in nine cases out of ten, be of no importance. Yet in this particular case it is. We are willing to have childbirth, murder, death described without demanding that the experience recorded be first-hand. But when a whole class of people is represented as shoddy, cold, irresponsible, and, indeed, dissolute, we want to know the source of the acidity. Is this sour grapes, we ask? In this case the answer is definitely no. These are Miss Mitford's own kind; these are the circles into which she was born, in which she moves. She has served them up in a baffling melange of malice, tolerance, and even affection. It is a wicked novel, never a good one, but it has moments of high entertainment.

Nancy Mitford—"a baffling melange of malice, tolerance, and affection."

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Norman Katkov—"a portrait, with the oils of pity, love, grief thickly laid on."

They Remember Papa

A LITTLE SLEEP, A LITTLE SLUMBER. By Norman Katkov. New York: Doubleday & Co. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

By Nathan L. Rothman

THIS is a book about a man, and about the emotions he generates in his sons, the things they remember about him as they gather about his death-bed. He was good, he was brave, he was proud and bitter, he was gentle and truth-telling. A dozen little episodes come to the mind of each son as he looks upon the dying man: the time he bought his way out of the Czar's Russia and came across the Canadian border into Minnesota; the time he sold produce in the market, a Jew farmer in St. Paul; the time he fought with Ben Baratz in the field for freedom from nineteen years of backmail; the time he discovered his kids were ashamed of the dilapidated produce truck they had to ride in, down the streets of St. Paul; the time he investigated charge accounts to buy his kids a lamp to read by; all the long past, distant, remembered times. Thus his life is pieced together for us in jigsaw-puzzle fashion, the pieces not necessarily in order yet building up, as they are laid down, a picture spreading inward from the corners. It isn't a plot-picture so much as a character portrait, with the oils of emotion—pity, love, grief—very thickly laid on. It is a novel only in the sense that you might call "Life with Father" one, always remembering of course that the fathers are very different, the emotions engendered very, very different.

In "Eagle at My Eyes," Mr. Katkov's first novel, there was Joe Goodman, and his Pa. Here we are reading of Lev Simon. But Pa Goodman and Lev Simon are the same. They are not merely similar—it is the same man, in pride and tenderness and bitterness, in his fierce love and protectiveness for his family, his own self-abnegation and humility—and in the sound of his voice, the words and arrangements of words he uses, in physical bearing and attitudes. I remember how strong was the impact of Pa Goodman upon me when I read the earlier book; he was so profoundly understood, and so perfectly, movingly presented. Mr. Katkov can do that because he is a man of intense emotion, and there are no barriers between his emotion and his writing; they are one. Here, as he devotes a whole book to Pa Goodman-Lev Simon, I am moved again by exactly the same things in the same way—the unbearable tragic beauty of Lev

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Simon, the bitter love and grief of the writer. Katkov is good. He can probably do it again and again. (I have just read a short story of his, which proves it.)

But I want to ask if he ought not to turn now from doing what he has already done perfectly once and twice. Pa Goodman, in a small part of "Eagle at My Eyes," was a literary triumph; I am willing to repeat it. Lev Simon, in the whole of the second novel, adds nothing. In fact, the second half of "A Little Sleep, A Little Slumber" adds nothing to the first, and the fifth chapter nothing to the third. More of the same, pressing home the same sharp point, touching us again and again with the same love and pity. May not pathos be thrust by repetition over the bathetic edge? May not the pursuit of our honest tears become tear-jerking? I ask Mr. Katkov to consider these things, along with my heartfelt admiration for his work. ●

Ad Man with a Pain

THE MAGNIFICENT MACINNES. By Shepherd Mead. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 255 pp. $2.50.

By JOHN BROOKS

ADVERTISING and allied commercial fields, as fictional subjects, seem to lead novelists to fantasy these days; either we have characters who toss off six or eight martinis before lunch without batting an eye (and there's fantasy for you), or else we have sprites. In Shepherd Mead's "The Magnificent MacInnes," a novel by an advertising man about commercial polls, we have a sprite in the form of a seedy old Scot from Jackson Heights who, Mr. Mead informs us, is so sensitive that at any given moment he can tell to the nearest percentage point what color toothpaste the American public prefers or, for that matter, all about its likes and dislikes.

Well, it goes without saying that the old duffer throws the poll-taking business into a tizzy. He looks like a gold mine to the two bright young men who get hold of him, but the trouble is that no client will trust Mac's home-made poll results unless there's a "gimmick." Then the less conscience-stricken of the two young men comes home one day with a nine-foot-high fire control gadget from a battleship, which he has bought from the War Assets Administration for $128.37. They set up this terrifying but worthless contraption in their apartment and sit Mac down in front of it, staring at it in spurious concentration while he makes up poll results out of his head. After that, clients who talk in sums that stretch as far as the eye can see keep the phone jangling. The gimmick, which is called the "Psychoelectric Correlator," is irresistible to all clients; they can doubt no more. Mac's results, of course, always check with the results obtained through tireless and expensive research by other poll-takers.

The author's gimmick is a good one, if you like gimmicks; his story is neatly constructed up to a point, and for all I know these poll-taking people may talk with the weird glibness that he assigns to them. If they do, their conversations were better not recorded. But once the basic joke has been stated and restated and played upon, the story settles down more and more to the old one about the ad man who hurts inside. One by one the familiar elements creep in: the gay, easy gags about poverty, the constant talk about big sums of money, the sudden dazzling success, the half-baked generalizations about that cynical New York "Idea Belt," the girl with pure lines and a pure heart, the sophomoric seduction scene, the gradual regeneration of the narrator under her influence. Along about page 200 of this book, with the story sagging pretty badly, the humor takes on a thigh-slapping note; in this extremity, the Kinsey report is invoked. It helps only briefly. As to the ending, in view of the fact that the author has been promising us a bang louder than the atomic bomb, it is pretty disappointing to find that what we get is only a splutter or two out of old Mac.

It may be that the basic saga of the ad man has become so grotesquely, wearily recognizable—so *true* in the shallowest sense—that authors who feel compelled to tell it resort to fantasy in frantic search for freshness. They are, in effect, apologizing for their story. The pity of it is that this author really has a fresh theme. In the public-opinion polls, he has his hands on nothing less than a dramatic

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

IT'S ROSES, ROSES, ALL THE WAY!

Jeane Wain, of Los Angeles, offers twenty quotations involving roses, all taken from well-known poems. Allowing five points if you can name either poet or poem, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 33.

1. I sometime think that never blows so red
   The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled.
2. Out of his mouth a red, red rose!
   Out of his heart a white!
3. Like a rose embowered
   In its own green leaves.
4. No flower of her kindred,
   No rosebud is nigh.
5. The Rainbow comes and goes,
   And lovely is the Rose.
6. As killing as the canker to the rose,
   Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze.
7. Go, lovely rose! Tell her that wastes her time and me.
8. I am a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys.
9. Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
   Not royal in their smells alone.
10. I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
    How roses first came red and lilies white.
11. And I will make thee beds of roses
    And a thousand fragrant posies.
12. Strew on her roses, roses,
    And never a spray of yew!
13. A white rose of Mary's gift
    For service meetly worn.
14. It was roses, roses, all the way,
    With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
15. All around my gala hat I wear a wreath of roses.
16. The squills and daffodils will give way to pillard roses.
17. The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine.
18. Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither
    As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
19. Plant thou no roses at my head nor shady cypress-tree.
20. Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
    Come hither, the dances are done.

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example of the standardization and mechanization of our thought that seems to go along with the same tendencies in the world around us. It's a formidable subject, and one that might have made an engaging book, even in the wise-cracking vein that he has chosen. But he never tackles it, for the simple reason that any original ideas his characters are capable of would do discredit to a clever high-school freshman. When one character suggests that Mac would tell the popularity of a radio program *before its broadcast*, another character is appalled, but he doesn't know quite why. "That idea's like an iceberg," the author remarks ex cathedra to the reader. "Most of it is under water. Kick it around for a minute yourself. Close the book and look at the ceiling."

Now wait a minute. I know thinking by authors isn't so fashionable since Hemingway, but no author should get off that easily.

John Brooks is author of "The Big Wheel," a satirical novel of New York life to be published this autumn.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 321

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 321 will be found in the next issue. Answer No. 318, which was inadvertently omitted from the Aug. 6 issue, is given below.**

CDI BMCO HDJCRH XC

AXTS, MCR X XCQAJRS

MAA JGPMC MCR MAA

GJGMA HDJCRH, SNQSSR

XC XCISGSHI M ZCDQZ

MI IVS RDDG.

—QVMGASH AMBP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 320

Experience informs us that the first defence of weak minds is to recriminate.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

** Answer to Literary Crypt No. 318*

Fame sometimes hath created something of nothing.

—T. FULLER.

Variations on the Soviet Theme

THE GREEN BOUNDARY. By Boris Ilyin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 312 pp. $3.

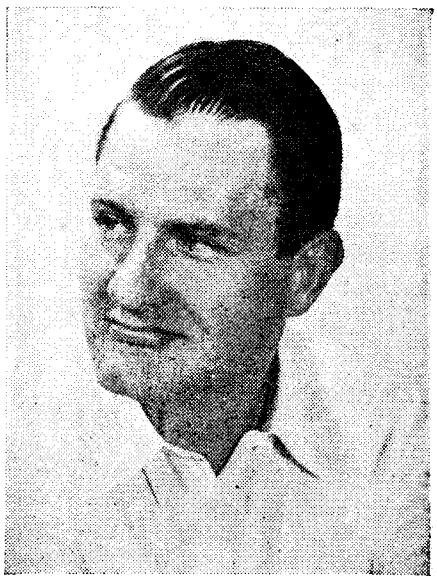
By BEN RAY REDMAN

WHEN MAJOR RADONOV set out from American Headquarters in Frankfurt to meet a Soviet delegation that was coming to Meinburg, in the U. S. Zone, for a conference regarding the allocation of radio wavelengths and relevant matters, he found himself beset by mixed emotions. He had never met any Soviet officers, and—as he had often had to explain to his comrades-in-arms, who wondered how he came to speak Russian—he was the son of White Russian refugees, who had brought him to the United States when he was only four. So he approached his first contact with the Soviets with curiosity, deep-rooted hostility, and considerable apprehension. His determination to behave well in a difficult situation was in itself a confession that he was unsure of what his emotional responses would be when he found himself sitting at the same table with his traditional enemies, stories of whom had filled his childhood and his youth.

Radonov's companion—young Lieutenant Thomas, the technical expert, for whom the Major would interpret—suffered from no such doubts. Eager, precise, and humorless, given to knitting "his brows when speaking of things technical or intellectual, or pertaining to great and serious subjects," he looked on this mission as a chance to learn something about how the great Soviet Experiment was working out. As he told his superior: "I always have liked to see things for myself."

But it is the fate of the Thomases of this world, whatever their desires, to see much less than the Radonovs. The Lieutenant passed through his Meinburg experience without the least notion of what was going on around him; with no awareness of the hidden forces which were at work, or of the paths of destiny which were crossing one another to form strange, dramatic patterns. He was sure that he was learning a lot about the Russians, and he found them very cooperative—whenever the Americans were willing to yield ground—but, if Captain Shepko was in Meinburg to talk radio, it was not perhaps the whole or even the principal business of Major Zubkin and Lieutenant Lubinova.

Radonov found himself quickly involved in that other business of theirs—first through the waiter who called



Boris Ilyin—"an economy that was once thought peculiarly characteristic of French fiction."

himself Orlowski and said he was Polish, and then through the Melnikovs—and this involvement took turns which it could hardly have taken if the Soviet junior officer, Darya Lubinova, had not been an attractive young woman. In any case, Radonov might have run afoul of the methods employed by the Russians to return certain displaced persons, against their will, to Soviet territory; or the Russians' short way with other DP's, whom they did not care to see at large in a western zone. He might, too, have found himself assuring Orlowski and the Melnikovs that they were safe in the friendly shadow of the American Military Government; and then found himself stultified by a change of policy towards DP's, which descended upon Frankfurt from a level even higher than Eisenhower's. But, if the young officer's name had been Lubinov instead of Lubinova, we should not have had the story of "The Green Boundary."

It is a good story, cleanly told with an economy that was once thought peculiarly characteristic of French fiction; an economy that does not rely on the staccato technique favored by some of our more laconic American novelists. There are no wasted words or motions, but the reader is never hurried on his way. It is obvious that Boris Ilyin has a thorough knowledge of the Russian character, of the famous Slav soul with its surprising variations and contradictions; and it is his communication of this knowledge—through Darya, Orlowski, and the Melnikovs—that gives "The Green

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Farewell to Lanny Budd

UPTON SINCLAIR

I CHOSE what I thought was a significant name, the "World's End Series"; but the people say "Lanny Budd books," and the people decide. Not even the makers of dictionaries can stop them.

I have written a great deal about my own books. They were fighting books, and I fought for them. But having attained my three-score-and-ten, in both years and books, I have an impulse to rest, and let the years and books speak for themselves. However, a publisher and an editor have joined in a request, and I suppose readers will be interested to hear about a ten-year writing stunt.

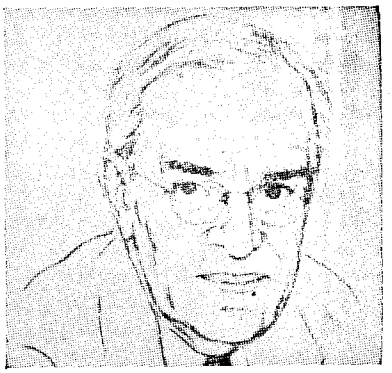
That is quite a chunk out of any man's life. For me it meant ten years' incessant labor, and I mean the adjective literally; there were few times when the work was out of my mind for a single day. I hammered on my little typewriter for three hours every morning, revised the half-dozen pages every afternoon, and walked in the garden every evening, composing the next day's instalment. In between times I read the notes I had accumulated, and books which dealt with the moment of history in which Lanny Budd was busy. I lived in one period and Lanny in another, and not seldom I would get the two mixed up in my mind; if Lanny was having an adventure on a Sunday, I would spend the rest of the day disabusing my mind of the impression that it was Sunday.

My waking hours were given to the story, and I believe that sleeping hours were given also, and that Lanny and his relatives and friends lived and worked in my dreams. I would open my eyes in the morning and without any solicitation a procession would come moving through my mind, a procession organized and costumed, provided with banners and bands. It would be the next stage of Lanny's life, sometimes enough of it to keep me busy for a week or a month. I have trained myself as a writer, having been earning a living with my pen since the age of sixteen; one trick I learned was to go over a scene in my mind until it was fixed there, so that when I sat down at my typewriter I could reproduce it almost word for word. If it was something that lay far ahead I would make notes of it; but for the things I meant to write soon, I could trust my training.

There are other ways in which I can say that my whole life had been a preparation for the Lanny Budd books. I have been watching the world scene since boyhood, studying it and trying to understand it, then making dangerous prophesies about it. Politically I had run the gamut, from McKinley conservatism in the Nineties, through Socialism, to a Democratic Party nomination for the Governorship of California with 879,000 votes. During my post-graduate years at Columbia I read German for eight or ten hours a day for a year or two, and then I did the same thing for French, and gave several months to Italian and Spanish. Before the First World War I lived for the better part of two years in England and Holland, France and Germany, Italy and Switzerland. Through the years I corresponded with Wells and Shaw, Rolland and Barbusse, van Eeden and Kautsky, and others whose names are less well known. For forty-five years I have received a dozen different periodicals from Britain and the Continent; this in addition to American magazines in which world affairs and world literature are discussed—the *SRL* among them.

IN AGONY of spirit I watched the First World War approaching. I told the why and how of it in a book, "The Industrial Republic," published in 1907. In 1909 I issued a manifesto calling upon the workers of the world to organize and prevent it by a general strike—but the Socialist leaders of Germany said No, and that settled it. I lived through that war, and in April of 1918 I started the publication of a monthly magazine to try to prevent the next one. An early start, you see, and I had twenty-one years in which to try and fail. In 1937 I wrote an article called "Expect No Peace," foretelling World War II, and I offered it to all the big-circulation magazines of the country, in vain. (It is in a pamphlet of that name published by E. Haldeman-Julius, if you are curious at this too-late date.)

I tell all this so that you may see how continuously my mind had been occupied with two dreadful wars, and how I had been storing up material concerning them. I had been born too early to take a physical part in them, but at the right age to understand them, live through them imagina-



—C. J. Naar.

World's End Series

DURING the decade of Lanny Budd's literary life a phenomenal group of statistics attended his progress around the globe. We give below a synopsis of each of the ten "Lanny books" with the year of publication and number of copies sold in the USA alone:

WORLD'S END *launches the young American Lanny Budd on his odyssey in the Europe of World War I* (1940; 180,349).

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS *embraces Lanny's activities from the Treaty of Versailles through the* 1929 *crash in the USA* (1941; 49,416).

DRAGON'S TEETH *shifts the scene to Germany and closes with the Nazi Blood Purge of* 1934 (1942; 56,732).

WIDE IS THE GATE *has for background Hitler's Germany and Franco's Spain between* 1934 *and* 1938 (1943; 54,155).

PRESIDENTIAL AGENT *covers* 1938*'s appeasement period* (1944; 69,982).

DRAGON HARVEST *continues Lanny's career as secret agent for Washington from Munich to Paris's occupation* (1945; 138,294).

A WORLD TO WIN *picks up our plenipotentiary in the Vichy of* 1940 *and leaves him in audience with Stalin in* 1942 (1946; 732,605).

PRESIDENTIAL MISSION *reaches out to include another continent—Africa just before the invasion* (1947; 39,242).

ONE CLEAR CALL *finds this world citizen extraordinary again in the vanguard of invasion—Italy and Normandy—and in combat with the U. S. Army just before the Bulge* (1948; 29,308).

O SHEPHERD, SPEAK! *winds up the fabulous thirty-three-year peregrinations of our hero with a million-dollar inheritance and the injunction to devote it to the prevention of future wars (just published).*

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tively, and record them in fiction. I was fortunate in having a wife who shared my ideas, and who felt the world's agony even more intensely than I; she drove me to my task even without meaning to do so, and was willing to make a home for a man who went about in a day-dream and had to be waked up before he could hear a spoken sentence.

It was late 1938, just after the ghastly event called "Munich." I was walking in the garden of our home in Pasadena, on a path pressed hard by twenty-two years of my pacing. There came one of those strange events to which men have given various names through the ages, and to account for which they have created supernatural beings of various kinds. Modern men call it the subconscious mind, but have a poor idea of how such a mind exists and how it operates. Suffice it that a story came surging into my mind, a story complete with a whole set of characters, scenery, local color, and events. It was like an atomic explosion—the great mushroom that goes up into the sky, boiling and seething, renewing itself by fresh explosions, here, there, and all over it. Like all such events in the mind, it was accompanied by intense emotions, exaltations, and exultations. The creative artist who experiences it says to himself: "This is it!"

I walked until I was physically exhausted, and then lay on the bed in my sleeping porch. I made notes, and went on walking and making notes alternately for two days and nights; altogether I had something like a hundred typewritten pages of notes about characters and events of this book which was to be called "World's End." I fondly imagined that it was going to be one volume; of course when I got into it I realized that there might have to be a sequel, but it wasn't until I had written several volumes that I realized there might be several more. There were times when I worried because I didn't know what was going to happen to Lanny next, but as it proved there was never any need to worry—history was as bounteous to a novelist as it was unkind to the rest of the human race. It poured out such a mass of melodrama, grim tragedy, and grotesque humor that a storyteller seldom had to invent, he just had to read the newspapers and magazines and fill big envelopes with clippings. I have some fifty of the largest size, from Atomic to Zaharoff.

There are so many characters in this long story—well over three million words—that there was always somebody ready to engage in an adventure with Lanny, to accompany him to a

(*continued on page 38*)

REPRINTS and new editions of good fiction have, after the fashion of Jurgen's women, been mounting up of late. So it is high time that this department took note of a number of them, however briefly.

We might as well begin with Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," available as a Bantam Book (25¢), and in Scribner's Modern Standard Authors Series ($1.75), with a sound introduction by Robert Penn Warren, which examines the nature of Hemingway's world and seeks to define the limits of his art. This is the novel that widely extended its author's popularity, after his first success with "The Sun Also Rises." It speaks for a generation through one of that generation's most persuasive spokesmen, and it exhibits to perfection what, when the book first appeared in 1929, I called Hemingway's peculiar brand of sentimentality. It also shows the novelist at his story-telling best, with his narrative style under expert control.

Another addition to the Scribner series is Galsworthy's "The Man of Property" ($1.75), with an introduction by Lionel Stevenson, which I picked up for memory's sake and then read straight through again with pleasure. The critics who are busy selling Galsworthy short are wrong, I think. His books do not explore psychological depths, and he performed no original, exciting feats with words, but many novels—if not most—have lived by virtue of the vitality of the characters which inhabit them; and, whatever else you may say of the Forsytes, they are alive.

Robert Penn Warren, of crescent worth and fame, is represented in the group before me by a Signet Book edition of "At Heaven's Gate" (25¢). This is an abridgment, but the central story of Sue Murdock, her father, and her lovers has survived the operation. Mr. Warren is a poet and an artist, and a man of strong intelligence. When a writer with these qualities turns novelist, and fastens his eyes on the writhings of a sick society, at once base and violent, he is not to be resisted.

Still another master of violence is Graham Greene, whose "Brighton Rock" has been reprinted by Viking ($3), and by Bantam Books (25¢). This is a chiller rather than a thriller, with several one-dimensional but fascinating characters who claim lodging in our memory and refuse to be evicted.

Though less violent in its action, but no less so in its effects on the reader's emotions, William Gardner Smith's "Last of the Conquerors" (Signet, 25¢) tells what it is like to be an American Negro and an American soldier. It is a moving love story, but its enveloping story is even more moving—and deeply disturbing. Of Mr. Smith—now just old enough to vote—we may say, in handicappers' lingo: Watch this one.

Caresse Crosby's Black Sun Press brings us a paper-bound edition ($1.50) of the novel with which another gifted youth won fame if not fortune: Raymond Radiguet's "Devil in the Flesh" ("Le Diable au Corps"), translated by Kay Boyle, introduced by Aldous Huxley. This simple tale of adolescent love, told by a boy, exerts remarkable powers of captivation; and Huxley is right when he says Radiguet began with many of the qualities that are usually the reward of a writer's labor and self-discipline. Knopf, continuing to reprint André Gide's works, groups "Isabelle" and "The Pastoral Symphony" under the title of "Two Symphonies" ($2.75); while Rinehart Editions group three tales of an older master: Goethe's "The Sorrows of Werther," "The New Melusine," and "Novelle" (50¢). Gide's marvelous way with language makes us accept things we would never take from an inferior writer. The *story* of "Isabelle," for example, absorbing as it is, crumbles under serious examination. As for "Werther," it is sticky going these days—at least in English.

Classics that lose nothing through the years are "Pride and Prejudice" (introduction by Robert Daniel, Rinehart, 65¢), and "The Scarlet Letter" (Pocket Books, 25¢). If you do not know the work and world of Mary Webb, hunt out another Pocket Book, "Precious Bane," for odds are that it, too, will take its place with our enduring fiction. ... E. Phillips Oppenheim's preposterous "The Great Impersonation" (Little, Brown, $2.50) still grips and entertains. ... Above average mystery: Frank Gruber's "The Whispering Master" (Signet, 25¢). Far above average: "The Horizontal Man" (Pocket Books, 25¢) by Helen Eustis. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Platform for An Anniversary

EN ROUTE TO JAPAN.

FOUR years makes a difference. In August 1945 if you asked an American or an Englishman or a Frenchman or a Russian—or even a German or an Italian for that matter—what the beginning of the peace meant to him, you would be apt to get pretty much the same answer. The coming of the peace, you would be told, meant that the organized killing was over and that people could dare to hope again.

Today, if you asked what the fourth anniversary of the peace meant, the answers would vary widely according to where you were when you asked the question. If you asked it here in America, you would find the general belief, in and out of Government both, that the peace was but an elusive armistice. You would find that the enemy in the next war had already been clearly identified, and that military preparations for fighting him were well under way. You would find that Congressional bodies were discussing the relative effectiveness of plans for destroying the enemy. You would find that vast effort was being put into the perfection and production of atomic bombs, and that the President had declared that this country would most certainly use such bombs at the war's outbreak. And, paradoxically, you would find that while on one hand the bomb's destructive power was being exalted, on the other hand the American people were being prepared psychologically to stand up under atomic attack themselves, with assurances that atomic warfare would not be as fiendish as some had supposed, and that people could actually survive if they weren't too close to the burst. Related to this would be the attempt to cushion the coming shock that would be produced by the certain knowledge that Russia was making atomic bombs of her own.

If you looked in Russia for an answer to your question, you would find a Government-sponsored uneasiness. You would find that the actual naming of the enemy was only part of a powerful and official effort to generate a deep hatred of the West. You would find that the social democracies of Europe were regarded as even more vile and wicked than the out-and-out "capitalist" or "bourgeois" states. You would find that the pump of national pride was being primed with a heavy hand, and that great swells were being created behind the idea of Russian world leadership in many of the principal inventions of the past century, and in science and the arts in general. You would find that the most significant thing about the Iron Curtain was not so much what failed to get out, but what failed to get in. You would find that whatever the distortions of the West may have been concerning what went on inside Russia, these were as nothing alongside the distortions in Russia concerning what went on outside. You would find general confidence that the world was either ripe or about to be for the picking, and that the inexorable sweep of history was on Russia's side.

If you looked to Germans for your answer, you might find a hard and knowing smile, for Germany would be collecting bids from West and East as they lined up against each other. You might find many who were saying that Germany was never really defeated, that the war never really ended, and that the final phase of the war was about to begin in line with Der Fuehrer's prediction that the West and the East would tear themselves to pieces with Germany emerging as the center of a new balance of power. You might find that the old slogans exalting the power and the glory of a Master Race were beginning to throb again as the occupying powers became more apprehensive about each other than they were about consolidating a common victory.

If you asked the question in China, the answer would be drowned out by the guns and the groans of the dying. If you asked it in India, or Southeast Asia, by the groans of the living.

All these things you would find when you asked about the meaning of the fourth anniversary of the peace as you went around the world. But those answers, disturbing though they might be, would not be nearly so disturbing as the answers you might get if you asked your question not of Americans as Americans or of Russians as Russians or of Chinese as Chinese but of people as representatives of humanity-at-large—their primary concern being the condition of man rather than the dilemmas or ambitions of the national and social groups within which man has divided, subdivided, and incarcerated himself.

ASKING your question about the peace on this higher and more consequential level might produce an answer that would be in startling contrast to the answers that were given against a compartmentalized background. The answer in this case might be that the glory and destiny of the human being was never under greater challenge than it is today. The answer might be that the very faculties that have differentiated man from the other orders of animals now define his predicament at its largest. He is endowed with awareness and intelligence which has enabled him, alone among the millions of species on this planet, actually to advance over previous generations, to examine the record of experience and to apply its lessons to his own time. Only he has the capacity to define goals and to attempt to meet them. Only he possesses the quality to inspire and be inspired. Only he holds the magic of hope. Only he knows the meaning and the power of conscience. Only he can contemplate his own nature and the nature of the universe and conceive of a higher nature than either.

It might be asked what man is doing to justify such gifts and endowments as he stands midway in the twentieth century. The answer might be that with all his faculties he has been unable as a species to cope with himself, that in the midst of the potential splendor of orderly existence he is a pauper chained to chaos. His danger is represented not so much by threatened self-extinction as it is by the destruction of his values and his works.

These are among the answers you might find if you stood on a platform high enough to see man in the total sense. But though those answers are oppressive, it is only on that higher platform that the problem can be fully seen. And only by getting enough peoples to stand in their oneness on such a platform can real hope be defined and realized. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Speaking of Tests"

SIR: Your editorial "Speaking of Tests" [*SRL* July 9] was a timely one. If we do not try to think our way through the present-day chaos, how can we hope for "the good life"? Everyone really ought to have the opportunity to study what Communism is, instead of having to take the word of a Congressman that it is "dangerous." Unless it is taught in the schools, impersonally, not as propaganda, how can people know whether they are against it or not? The me-too manner in which we all talk against Communism when no one really seems to understand it is ridiculous. Wasn't it Goethe who said that "truth is that which best serves the people"? How can we have truth without knowledge?

MRS. C. O. PETERSON
Beresford, S. Dak.

Letter from Robert Hillyer

SIR: When the fuse has set off the explosion ["Treason's Strange Fruit," *SRL* June 11; "Poetry's New Priesthood," *SRL* June 18] its function is over. But I should like to add a few words.

First, I should like to thank most heartily all those who wrote me personally. At first I answered each with a letter, then I had recourse to postcards, and at last I must speak a general thanks, yet assuring every correspondent of my particular gratitude.

Out of the scores of letters I received, only two were abusive, five or six took reasonable exception, and the rest were favorable.

Second, I should like to apologize to Dr. Esther Harding for having mentioned her book specifically on the strength of a mere review. I retain my distaste for the ideas ascribed by the reviewer to her book, but Dr. Harding herself disclaims such ideas, and I regret that I did not deal with the material without specific mention of her work.

Third, I regret the misprint of "sumer" for "winter." The slip was not essentially important, but, as Mr. W. P. Armstrong, Jr., pointed out in his letter [*SRL* July 16], it could be used, and was, disproportionately by the cultists.

Fourth, Dr. Luther Evans is correct in stating that I did receive information concerning the appointment of the self-styled Fellows in American Letters of the Library of Congress. It was received after the first draft of my article was completed, and I carelessly let the complaint stand. Dr. Evans's description of the method of appointment in his response [*SRL* July 2] is not, however, quite complete. He says that "The Fellows are appointed by the Librarian of Congress." This is true, but he should have added the phrase "on the recommendation of the Fellows in American Letters." Since Dr. Evans rubber-stamped an award of which he did not approve, he would not be likely to challenge the recommendations to Fellowships. The fact remains that the large majority of the Fellows are allied with one small group. The title, however, means little in a country where everyone delights in such nominal distinctions. They could call themselves the Associated Laureates or the Grand Dragons of Literature as long as they refrained from committing under Government auspices acts defiant of the public good.

ROBERT HILLYER.
Greenwich, Conn.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And here, sir, is the receipt for the final payment on your fixtures—ah, good morning, Miss Carrie Nation!"

Still More on Pound-Eliot

SIR:

The value of the dwindling Pound is such,
An ounce of Ezra is an ounce too much!

WIN ECKHARDT.
Clayton, Mo.

Amends to Marcus Bach

SIR: It is a pity that my review of Charles S. Braden's "These Also Believe" [*SRL* July 2] was written in ignorance of Marcus Bach's "They Have Found a Faith" (Bobbs-Merrill, 1946). My review of Braden suggested that his book was distinct, and implied that it was unique because it was based on first-hand, as opposed to library, research. Since my review appeared I have read Bach's book with keen and unflagging interest, and I now see the error of my ways. The fact that "They Have Found a Faith" appeared during a year I was abroad in Government service helps to explain, though it does not excuse, my having overlooked it. Bach is a professor at the University of Iowa, and his talented reporting of interviews and experiences, together with his gifted presentation of material, proves that my reference to college professors who write books on religious cults was, to say the least, lacking in depth.

This is not to modify my estimate of Braden's work. I will let that stand. But I must apologize for an oversight and a sweeping inference that was uncalled for in the first place.

CHARLES W. FERGUSON.
Pleasantville, N. Y.

"Megadollar" Proposed

SIR: References to hundreds of billions of dollars in the current press reports are increasingly frequent and are typographically cumbersome. In the scientific and engineering fields a convenient device has been adopted to cover such exigencies. The term *mega*, from the Greek meaning "great," has been arbitrarily assigned a value of one million, and we are familiar with the terms megacycle, megawatt, etc. It seems appropriate to suggest that this idea be applied to our financial situation and that a monetary unit be adopted which might be called "megadollar." A new type-face symbol might be appropriately designed which would be analogous to our dollar sign; a conventionalized "M" superimposed on a conventionalized "$" in monogram form. This would save much paper.

SIDNEY WITHINGTON.
New Haven, Conn.

A Vote for Materialism

SIR: In the July 16 *SRL* you state under the heading "Ideas and Studies" that "there are now signs that materialism may have about spent its force after a hundred years of supremacy." Historic facts and the contemporary human scene do not bear out your

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Opportunity AND Duty IN Puerto Rico

AN ADDRESS BY *Beardsley Ruml**

before the Board of Trustees of The Committee for Economic Development
Washington, D. C., May 11, 1949

BEARDSLEY RUML

ON July 25, 1898, during the Spanish American war, General Nelson A. Miles with some ten thousand United States troops landed on the south coast of Puerto Rico near Ponce. On landing, General Miles issued a proclamation, expressing the purposes of the United States Government. General Miles said, "We have not come to make war, but on the contrary to bring you protection, not only to yourselves but to your property, to promote your prosperity and to bestow upon you the immunities and blessings of our liberal government, the advantages of enlightened civilization."

Fifty years later, this policy of the United States was reaffirmed in a world setting. On January 20, 1949, President Truman, in his Inaugural Address, pronounced his now famous "Point IV" of American international policy. He said, in part, "We must embark on a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas. More than half the people of the world are living in conditions approaching misery. . . . Humanity possesses the knowledge and the skill to relieve the suffering of these people. The United States is preeminent among nations in the development of industrial and scientific techniques. . . . Our aim should be to help the free peoples of the world, through their own efforts, to produce more food, more clothing, more materials for housing, and more mechanical power to lighten their burdens. . . . All countries, including our own, will greatly benefit from a constructive program for the better use of the world's human and natural resources. . . . Only by helping the least fortunate of its members to help themselves can the human family achieve the decent, satisfying life that is the right of all people."

Although in President Truman's Inaugural Address the specific application of "Point IV" was made to countries outside the United States, the policy and the commitment apply in fact with even greater force to Puerto Rico, whose citizens are also citizens of the United States.

The acclaim with which President Truman's "Point IV" was received in the United States should have surprised no one. The desire to carry to the world "the advantages and blessings of enlightened civilization" has long been a profound moral imperative of the American people. It has sent American men and women to establish missions, technical schools, and public health centers throughout the world. It has caused us to receive, over the years, to our shores and to our citizenship the outcasts of the world's intolerance and brutality. Americans have always felt a duty to help others help themselves.

And, over the years, the United States has prospered greatly—partly from its natural assets of land, minerals and climate, but more importantly from its will to emancipate the human spirit, thereby bringing to our national community the fullness of its own intellectual and moral resources, and also the yeast of the world, to enrich and to interpret the meaning of a free society.

We have long known that we, in the United States, could not set ourselves apart from the rest of humanity. The moral necessity of recognizing our duty to other men has had its practical consequences in terms of our own economic program. Nearly twenty years ago, Owen D. Young, in his Charter Day Address at the University of California, expressed our duty and opportunity vividly and briefly, "Let no man think that the living standards of America can be permanently maintained at a measurably higher level than those of the other civilized countries. Either we shall lift theirs to ours, or they will drag ours down." "Point IV" of President Truman's international program is clearly only the most recent expression of a living American desire to share with others the blessings of a tradition from which we, as individuals, have received so much and to which, as individuals, we can contribute so little.

Duty in Puerto Rico is thus the necessity to keep faith with our own moral nature, to do effectively those things we have already determined that we ought to do. Our insight as to purpose is clear and has been reaffirmed in the new world setting. What means do we have to discharge our duty? What are the obstacles and difficulties? What are the opportunities?

The stubborn underlying elements of the Puerto Rican problem are: First, density and increasing density of population; and second, limited land area and, except for its climate, a severe and irremediable shortage of natural resources. As a consequence, there is one and only one road by which the people of Puerto Rico can attain the material benefits of the modern world; and that road is industrialization, intensive industrialization, industrialization beyond anything known in the Western Hemisphere, except perhaps in certain parts of New England—such as Rhode Island—and in certain of the great urban centers of the United States.

Puerto Rico is a hundred miles from east to west, and thirty-five miles from north to south. On this 3500 square miles of land, there reside two and a quarter million people. The rate of population increase is the highest in the world, nearly thirty per thousand per year, due to a unique combination of high birth rate and low death rate, the death rate being a little over two per thousand higher than continental United States. Puerto Rican leaders are deeply concerned about the rate of population increase. Just what can be done to check the rate of population increase in the cultural setting of Puerto Rico is not clear; but, let us suppose that all is done that properly can be expected to be done in the short period of a decade, the outlook is still for a population of three million or slightly less in 1960.

As for natural resources, except for climate, they are extremely limited. Better use of agricultural land is always possible, but in Puerto Rico better land use can do little more than support an increasing population on the meagre level of living of the present. There are no minerals, no solid or liquid fuels; the forests are largely gone. There is hydro-electric power; there are harbors; there are good highways; and there is the tariff-free American market.

Some people shudder when their attention is called to the fact that the continental American market is tariff-free to Puerto Rico. It is a little like an elephant being afraid of a mouse. Even with a population of three million and a successful decade of industrialization, it is improbable that more than two hundred thousand Puerto Ricans will be manufacturing goods for export. And even the product of that two hundred thousand coming from Puerto Rico will be exchanged for continental products that cannot be made or grown on the Island. We have nothing to fear from the great asset which Puerto Rico has in this vast tariff-free market to round out her requirements for industrialization.

The pressure of population and the delay of industrialization have resulted in a considerable migration from Puerto Rico to the United States, concentrated to a high degree in New York City. This migration is a problem for Puerto Rico as well as for New York. Not only is the Government of Puerto Rico extremely desirous of maintaining cordial relationships with public and private instrumentalities in continental United States, but it is a fact that the Puerto Ricans who move northward are on the average the more aggressive, the more skilled, the more literate, as might be expected in any voluntary movement of people from what they believe to be a less favorable to a more favorable economic environment. The creation of opportunities in Puerto Rico for useful productive work is well understood to be a far more promising approach to the population problem than dependence on a migration of people; since migration tends to make even more difficult the building up of Puerto Rican professional, managerial and technical competence. Fortunately, the Governments concerned understand each the problem of the other and approach in a spirit of cooperative goodwill the need for mitigating the more tragic and explosive qualities of the situation.

A conscious program for the industrialization of Puerto Rico, promoted cooperatively by the Governments of the United States and Puerto Rico as an inescapable consequence of the realities of population density and the shortage of resources, is a matter of deep concern to the Committee for Economic Development, and to the business community generally. Puerto Rico is no mere geographical frontier inviting industrial and commercial exploitation. It is a world focus of human interest, a test of governmental policy and of the resourcefulness of private managerial enterprise. In Puerto Rico, governments and private business have a pressing, an extremely difficult, but, I believe, a promising setting in which opportunity and

* Member of the Board of Directors of the Puerto Rico Industrial Development Company.

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duty can be combined in a demonstration of very general significance.

For this reason, let me outline briefly some of the elements that seem to me to be of primary importance.

I have already spoken of population density and of the shortage of natural resources. I shall limit my further remarks to two additional factors in the situation—the Government of Puerto Rico and measures taken by the Government of particular relevance to its industrialization program. Naturally, my observations on these important factors will be suggestive rather than comprehensive, and I shall be abundantly satisfied if I succeed in arousing your interest and in causing you to do a little investigating on your own account.

An important change in the governmental status of Puerto Rico occurred in 1947, when President Truman signed a bill providing that the Governor of Puerto Rico and the Congress should be locally elected. The first Governor to be elected by Puerto Rican popular vote is Luis Muñoz Marín. He was elected on November 2, 1948 and was inaugurated on January 2, 1949.

Muñoz is, without doubt, a remarkable man and a distinguished political leader. Some keen observers are of the opinion that he may emerge as one of the very great world political leaders of our times. A recent issue of *Time* (May 2, 1949) carried an informative biographical sketch of Muñoz, and his state papers give a clear impression of the depth and penetration of his statesmanship.

For our purposes, it is important to note that Muñoz is firmly committed to democratic processes and that he holds his office by an overwhelming popular vote of the people of Puerto Rico. His political strength does not rest on a powerful military or political clique, nor on the threat of the use of force on the part of any government, American or otherwise. As a result, he holds his political power with a security enjoyed by few political leaders elsewhere throughout the world.

Rule in Puerto Rico is rule by consent, rule after discussion and debate, rule after the votes are freely cast. It is the hard way to achieve order in the processes of government, but the result gives confidence in resiliency and toughness. The Government of Puerto Rico under Muñoz will not be characterized by brittleness and caprice.

I have already referred to the penetrating quality of Muñoz's statesmanship. Just as the democratic process is basic to his political thinking, so also is the reality of atomic energy basic to his everyday thinking about the kind of world his people are living in. Atomic energy for him is not only a problem for the Atomic Energy Commission, or for the United Nations, or for physicists, chemists, astronomers and biologists. It is a current problem for Muñoz, Governor of Puerto Rico.

To quote from his Inaugural Address, "The people of Puerto Rico have a humanist attitude that keeps them at a healthy distance from obsolete contemporary nationalism and makes them feel better as members of Christendom than as inhabitants of political frontiers. . . . I believe that ours is a people that does not need juridicial definitions as an aid to spiritual welfare. And this, in the world of atomic energy, is a pre-eminent and pioneer virtue. To find its way out of obsolete colonialism it does not feel compelled to recur to obsolescent nationalism. It finds itself more compelled to search in its own understanding, and to look to its leaders, for new creative roads more in harmony with the immense fact of atomic energy and with the immeasurableness of the Christian attitude.

"Neither socialism, nor capitalism, nor communism, nor nationalism, are forces comparable to the tremendous and ineluctable force of atomic energy. Only Christianity, in its practical sense of human equality, is a force of the spirit that can contend with material atomic force. Only by carrying the feeling of brotherhood to the modes and practical institutions of his life can man find his way out of the tragic blind alley, into which he has got himself by permitting his science to develop more rapidly than his wisdom."

This quotation reveals the quality of statesmanship of the Governor of Puerto Rico. And from this spirit the imperative industrialization of the Island will find its inspiration.

After the matter of top political leadership, what about the second and third echelons in the executive branch, the top civil service, the decision making bureaucracy? Here, of course, I can only give a personal impression. The administrators are overwhelmingly Puerto Ricans by birth, but of those whom I have met, most have had college and university work in the United States as well as in the University of Puerto Rico. Among them are graduates of Penn State, Michigan, Cornell, Columbia, Chicago, M.I.T., Pennsylvania, to name only the first institutions that come to my mind. The result is that the continental American going to Puerto Rico to do business at the top level does business with an English-speaking official who is thoroughly familiar with American institutions and standards of performance. If there are any misunderstandings, they will not be linguistic, or perhaps I should say, not more so than in the United States.

One further observation about the Government of Puerto Rico. I have taken particular pains to talk to American businessmen and newspapermen to determine whether corruption and graft played any significant part in getting things done in Puerto Rico. The testimony was unanimous that they had found neither "squeeze" nor "bite." I am not so unimaginative as to believe that some deals are not made with some people at some times under some circumstances that are expressions of special privilege for special consideration. But I do believe that there is no system of paying off or buying rulings and immunities. The higher officials of the Puerto Rican Government are well aware that the program of the Government would be destroyed by corruption or by even the suspicion of corruption.

The present Puerto Rican Government springs from a background that would be characterized as "socialistic." It has its state-owned industries, protective social laws, its programs for health and education. The Government is deeply concerned about housing, about nutrition, about the welfare of the ordinary citizen.

But the Government recognizes that without rapid acceleration of industrialization all its welfare plans will be swept away before the tide of increasing population. The Government is faced with the necessity of bringing to Puerto Rico the management personnel that will give to the Island the know-how of production and distribution, the skills of design, assembly, marketing, accounting, and finance, for hundreds and hundreds of existing and as yet unborn enterprises.

The Government approaches the situation simply and directly. If Puerto Rico must have management, it must get management where management is; and that means in continental United States and with the cooperation of going concerns operating in the United States.

Having adopted legislation insuring certain minimum standards as to wages, hours and conditions of work for the protection of the men, women and children of Puerto Rico, the Government has turned to measures that might appeal to the managers, to the business community in the United States.

These measures are of two general kinds, one for the provision of capital for investment in plant and facilities, and the other a tax holiday on business and on the profits arising out of business.

The measures for the provision of capital for investment involve no unusual principles, except perhaps the decision by the Puerto Rican Government to sell industries it already owns to private investors in order to increase the amount of capital available for Government risk-taking in the financing of new enterprise. Unlike some governments that are making plans for the nationalization of industries now privately owned, Puerto Rico is making plans for the private ownership and management of companies that are today owned by the Puerto Rican Government.

The tax inducements offered to private business by the Puerto Rican Government are of particular interest. Corporations and citizens of Puerto Rico are not and never have been subject to United States federal income taxes. Accordingly, Puerto Rico may devise its tax laws to meets its developmental requirements. This Puerto Rico has attempted to do in two special ways. First, a group of some forty classifications of new productive business, which provide a large ratio of employment to value of product, have been authorized for exemption from corporation income taxes for a ten-year period; and second, citizens of Puerto Rico are exempt from taxes on that portion of their personal income that is derived from profits of such exempted corporations. This tax program is a double attempt to attract business to Puerto Rico, and to attract business managers to become residents of Puerto Rico.

This double tax holiday is a dramatic gesture to management enterprise for the industrial development of a country.

But it may be criticized on the ground that it goes too far and at the same time it does not go far enough.

If the Puerto Rican Government comes to a decision that taxes on production, on business income are a bad thing in principle, that they check and distort the impulse to production, then the present holiday on business taxes should not be presented as a holiday. It should be presented as a first step in the removal of all taxes on business profits as soon as budgetary circumstances permit. Incidentally, this would conform to CED policy on the taxation of business.

On the other hand, if the government is to depend primarily on income taxes on individuals for its revenues, then the exemption of profits paid to individuals as income cannot be long exempted from the individual income tax. The rate structure can be altered so that the incentive to the managerial group is not destroyed, but complete exemption of a particular kind of personal income from taxation can hardly be a permanent policy.

In any case, the important fact for American business is that a liberal, firmly entrenched government, under the American flag, with access to a tariff-free American market, with no problem of dollar convertibility, is searching diligently for a tax program that will be helpful to private business enterprise. This is an opportunity for American business, not only for its operations and profits in Puerto Rico, but also as a demonstration of what business can do in any setting where the taxation of profits is removed, and growth by the reinvestment of reserves is permitted to follow an uninterrupted economic course.

In many ways, Puerto Rico is a frontier to the second half of the twentieth century. It has urgent necessities which force the adoption of government measures conducive to the increase of productivity and the welfare of its people. It is protected from many of the irrationalities of our generation. It has already taken measures of self-help and has demonstrated an admirable political maturity. For these reasons, opportunity and duty in Puerto Rico may well have an important place in American business planning.

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(Continued from page 21)

conclusion. One has only to peruse quickly the history of ideas of the last few decades and look even superficially at current life the world over to feel convinced that secularism (the materialistic interpretation of the universe and of human destiny) is advancing with seven-league boots and that the mystic interpretation (the religious approach) is being more and more relegated to the junk heap of history along with superstition, infanticide, animal sacrifices.

One must be intellectually astigmatic not to recognize that all over the world men prefer food to a faith that fails to increase their daily bread; prefer more calories in their guts to a creed that nourishes itself on feudal obscurantism; prefer land on this earth to Acres in the Sky, a roof over their heads to an abode on high.

Joad, Sheean, and Dorothy Sayers, in offering a mystic panacea for the ills of mankind, are selling the human race short and betraying, in a sense, the intelligence and the ingenuity of men to find rational solutions to their problems at the very time when great masses of "clods on two feet" are desperately striving to attain full human stature and social salvation. A return to the standards Joad admires, to the way of Ghandi, or to the spiritual principles of the Vatican cannot but spell the return to a feudal spiritual world and to the standard of living of the Middle Ages.

It's high time men of the arts realized that where poverty reigns there can be no exaltation of the spirit of men and of nations, but that where abundance of the material things of life prevails the human spirit spontaneously flourishes. So it behooves us that before we redeem the souls of men we redeem their bodies from gnawing hunger, from disease, from physical pain, from degradation and frustration that come from want.

GEORGE MENDEL.

Omaha, Nebr.

Suggestion Dept.

SIR: May I suggest a new one-page feature for *SRL*? It would offer weekly the review not of a current book, nor necessarily of a "classic," but of some neglected, obscure, or suddenly timely work still in public print and of value as literature or subject matter.

If you will consider the implications of this, you will appreciate the challenge to editorial ingenuity and imagination (greater perhaps than in the case of books which are merely available because of a publication date). Consider, moreover, that by the end of one year you will have rediscovered, re-evaluated, rescued from oblivion, or just pointed out fifty-two books of some importance —a considerable achievement.

A READER.

New York, N. Y.

Less Subconscious, Please

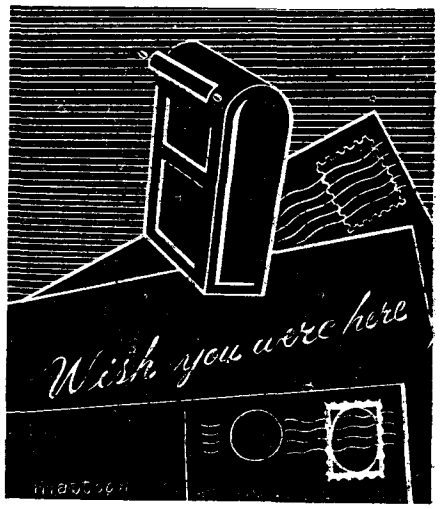
SIR: Reading Archibald MacLeish's review of St. John Perse's poetry [*SRL* July 16] I was halted by this comment: "Perse is too much of an artist to accept the promptings of the subconscious as perfected poetry." (A neat bit for the Ezra Poundists.) Suddenly I thought of the very wonderful book, which speaks at great and fascinating length to the same point, J. Livingston Lowes's "The Road to Xanadu." You will remember how, with the help of Coleridge's notebook and deep researches into Coleridge's reading at the time, Lowes tracks down the findings and storings of that poet's subscious mind before and when he was writing "The Ancient Mariner," and then shows the transforming processes of his conscious mind. Coleridge's conscious mind minted into glittering coin the metal his unconscious dredged up and kept ready for him. He could have left it in code, but he preferred to share, to impart.

BOYNE GRAINGER.

New York, N. Y.

The Trouble With Magazines Is . . .

SIR: At the present moment in U.S. literary history there is no magazine which publishes short stories and essays for the simple reason that they may be *good* short stories and essays, irrespective of the editorial idiom of the magazine. A *Harper's* story, for instance, would not be looked at with too much favor by *Mademoiselle*. An *Atlantic* story would fail at *The New Yorker*. Now and then a good story comes out of the slicks, the editors probably strutting self-consciously for days because they have gone a bit "off-trail." The little magazines, the quarterlies and such, require the esoteric, or just the plain dull.



My guess is that an unknown Conrad, if we turned the clock back, or a Conan Doyle, or a Santayana, in the field of pure essay, would have a mighty tough scramble to place work anywhere. Twenty years ago the publishers could look over a fairly large field of magazines which gave young writers their chances—and pick stables from them. Today the field is slim, and the pickings likewise. No one can really claim that the novels of the past few years have as much excitement as the discoveries of the Twenties . . . To get a hearing, many young writers are compelled to try the slicks. If they are good, they make them. (Any real writer can write for any type of magazine he sets his mind to, but the toll on him may be greater than he knows, or than the ballyhooers know.)

The greater ease of markets that the existence of the old *Scribner's*, the *Century*, the *Dial*, the original *Mercury*, the *Bookman*—among others —provided is gone. When a writer has tried a story on one or two markets, he is hamstrung—because there is no catholicity of reception. And a reader has a dreary time, buying one magazine after another, if he wants to read fiction, and finding one or two measly stories in each one. Almost nowhere can he find the personal essay, except in some of the quarterlies, and there it is very likely these days to be a critic's criticism of a critic's criticism, or a politically-hued diatribe.

I don't ask that any existing magazne change its editorial spots. But I stubbornly feel that a new magazine could make itself a reasonable bid for life on the basis of printing stories and essays because each one was the best of its kind—not because any fitted the particular policy or hobby of the editor.

KATHLEEN SPROUL.

New York, N. Y.

Yeats on Pound

SIR: In the "Rapallo" chapter of "The Vision" Yeats has the following to say of "The Cantos" and Pound:

> For the last hour we have sat upon the roof which is also a garden, discussing that immense poem of which but seven and twenty cantos are already published. [Now there are eighty-four. Ed.]. . . . He explains that it will, when the hundredth canto is finished, display a structure like that of a Bach fugue. There will be no plot, no chronicle of events, no logic of discourse, but two themes, the Descent into Hades from Homer, a Metamorphosis from Ovid, and, mixed with these, medieval or modern historical characters. He has tried to produce that picture Proteous commended to Nicholas Poussin . . ., where everything rounds or thrusts itself without edges, without contours—conventions of the intellect—from a splash of tints and shades; to achieve a work as characteristic of the art of our time as the paintings of Cezanne, . . . as "Ulysses" and its dream association of words and images, a poem in which there is nothing that can be taken out and reasoned over, nothing that is not a part of the poem itself.

The poetry-reading public would most certainly be obliged to Mr. Pound if he would finish "The Cantos." Cannot someone induce the caged bird to sing, the caged lion to roar? The work is unfinished. "Ripeness is all."

CAROLINE HOGUE.

Remington, Va.

Private Income Needed

SIR: Many of us in the same group have longed to make Vernon Albert Ward's candid statement [*SRL* July 9]. But what would we live on? I hope Mr. Ward has a private income for he must know that he will never be given another job.

X. Y. Z.

San Diego, Calif.

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Personal History. *Triumphs of the human spirit over physical adversity have provided the theme for many of the most memorable books of the past few seasons. Betty MacDonald's "The Plague and I" made the tuberculosis victims' lot seem amusing; Betsey Barton's "And Now to Live Again" was an inspiring tale of a young girl who became paralyzed in an auto accident; Charles Yale Harrison's "Thank God for My Heart Attack" (to be reviewed in an early issue of* SRL*) is giving a lift to thousands of cardiac cases. Bentz Plagemann's "My Place to Stand," reviewed this week, is a thoughtful young man's report on his victory over polio. . . . Morris Cohen's "A Dreamer's Journey" lacks certain of the qualities requisite in great autobiography, yet it is an invaluable self-portrait of a great philosopher and teacher.*

The Wise and Witty Morris Cohen

A DREAMER'S JOURNEY. By Morris Raphael Cohen. Boston: The Beacon Press. 318 *pp.* $4.

By Robert Bierstedt

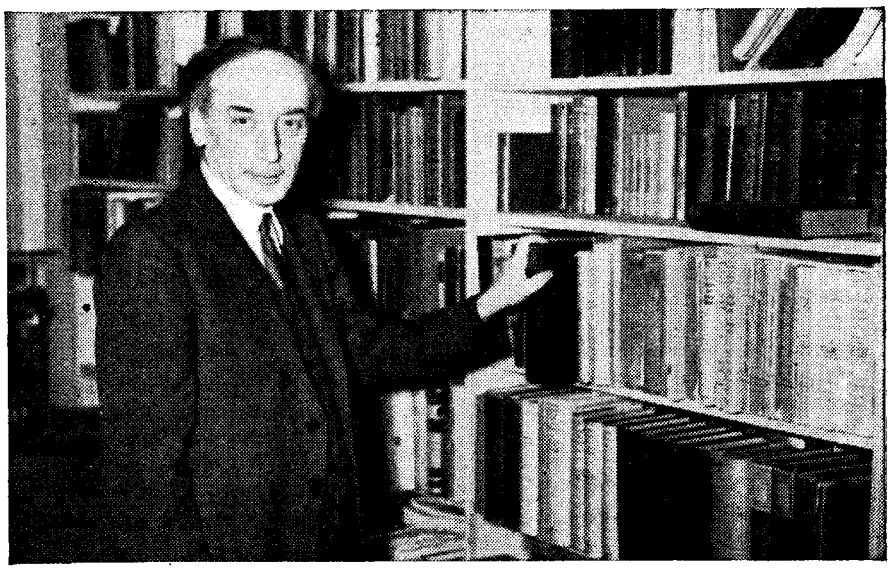
THE autobiography of Morris R. Cohen was a project which always lay close to his heart. In it he wanted to tell once more the epic story of a generation which uprooted itself from an old world east of the sea in order to find a new one where dreams sometimes came true. He wanted it to be a major work, not only because it would describe the external events of growth and migration and education but also because it would contain the reflections of a philosopher on the more intimate issues of human life and of a teacher who shared his reflections with others. The book does not quite do all this. It is in many respects unfinished, and much of it was pieced together from fugitive papers which the author left behind at his death in 1947. But no human work, in a sense, is ever finished, and what we have here, while less than we might have wanted, is more than we had a right to expect. It is something to treasure, not only for those who knew Morris Cohen, but also for those who always wanted to know him and who continue to envy the students who had their first lessons in philosophy in his classes at City College.

The external outlines of this story are by now well known. After a childhood in Minsk and Neshwies, in Russia, the young immigrant, speaking only Yiddish, arrived in New York at the age of twelve. Fourteen years later he had a doctorate in philosophy from Harvard and had begun a teaching career at City College, first in mathematics and then in philosophy, which was to continue for almost forty years, until his retirement in 1937. His later years at the college were not happy ones, due largely to the regime of a president for whom he had little respect and to the fact that he became embroiled in many of the controversies which, during the Twenties and early Thirties, agitated students and faculty alike. His most caustic comment in this latter connection is reserved for the "cowardly mayor" and "ignorant judge" who prevented Bertrand Russell from succeeding to his chair.

In later sections of the book Cohen discusses the development of his philosophy—a singularly independent philosophy in the sense of being unattached to any of the current schools—and the writing of his books. There is a section on religion (one chapter beautifully entitled "The Piety of an Agnostic"), his researches in Jewish history and social studies, and his work for the Conference on Jewish Relations. At the very end there are short fragments, most of them from his diary, in which he philosophizes about life and death, his own career and character, the day's work, and the passing years, together with moving tributes to his parents and to his faithful wife, the late Mary Ryshpan Cohen. A useful additional feature is a complete bibliography of his published writings, with the promise of three more posthumous works to come.

Like all of Cohen's books, this one is replete with wise and witty sentences. There is space here for only two. On teaching: "No man, no matter how critical, can stand up before a class and refrain from saying more than he knows." And on reason: "The fact that reason is the most valuable of all human possessions does not imply that it is the most powerful of all human forces."

In evaluating an autobiography one assesses not a book but a man. Cohen has, in many respects, become a legendary, almost a mythical figure. The acuity of his intelligence and the unbelievable scope of his erudition won him an almost universal recognition. Such brilliance as was his tended to set him apart from other men and to give his personality a somewhat Olympian cast. In this book he descends from this high intellectual eminence and shows us that he had not only a brain but a body beset with frailties and a heart often filled with anguish. Here he talks to us in personal terms about himself, his battles with poverty, his struggle for promotion, his long walk through "the valley of humiliation," his devotion to parents and wife and children, and his tragic sense of destiny. Did Morris Raphael Cohen, too, owe a cock to Asclepius? There are thousands who would pay the debt.



"Did Morris Raphael Cohen, too, owe a cock to Asclepius?"

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Biography of An Illness

MY PLACE TO STAND. By Bentz Plagemann. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 241 pp. $2.75.

By PAMELA TAYLOR

THERE are not many books which everyone should read, but here is one of them. "The biography of an illness," in the author's own words, it chronicles his triumph over "polio," his inner struggle for faith to go on living.

"My Place to Stand" would be worth reading if only for the introductory chapters, in which the author tells—and it is not the man of action speaking, but the thoughtful, professional writer—of his final Navy duty, from Norfolk to Naples, as senior pharmacist's mate aboard an LST. Anchored off the African coast, the men in the LST learned that their entire flotilla would be turned into hospital ships for the next beachhead in France. So here was Bentz Plagemann, a matter of years before so soft-hearted he could not watch a chicken beheaded, so recently as a few months ago fainting at the sight of blood, facing not only the strenuous preparation of the ship, but duties which, he fully realized, might prove too much for him.

As the ship, her changes completed, neared Naples to practise landing operations, Plagemann discovered that he had a high fever. He went to bed in the isolation ward, and, after four days of hideous, solitary illness, sent the captain his self-diagnosis of infantile paralysis.

From this point the book is an account of illness and recovery. It is a singularly calm account that he gives us, of those peculiarly debasing physical indignities which in one form or another linger on in the mind after every serious illness, of great kindnesses, flashes of true humanity, sometimes from unexpected quarters, of callousness and inhumanity which he has forgiven, but which go to make up the pattern of a battle survived and won. For it was a battle, physical first, and equally a spiritual one.

After skilful treatment in the hospital in Naples, he was flown back to the States, and sent eventually to Warm Springs. Everything he has to say of the magnificent spirit of that institution, the remarkable treatment and routine, the progression from wheel chair, to crutches to brace, of President Roosevelt's dramatic and moving arrival for Thanksgiving there, is absorbingly interesting. His hardest victories, to be sure, were already behind him when he was sent there, but he still had some important discoveries to make about the life which lay ahead. Some of these discoveries were directly related to the disease from which he was recovering, and the altered face of his life, but many were deeper, more fundamental issues, which only a great crisis precipitates into consciousness.

O. Henry—"to short-story writers a symbol of much that is unholy."

No super-reporting dashed off under emotional strain, this is the book of a thoughtful, deeply serious man, who evaluates with detached calm two simultaneous and shattering experiences, one physical and one spiritual, and records (without embarrassment to himself or his reader) what he himself has learned from them, so that those who read may possibly gain a little help, a little wisdom, on a similar path. It is the book of a strikingly honest man, who is not afraid to entertain the idea that this may have been a psychosomatic attack resorted to in order to avoid a demand to which, subconsciously, he felt unequal. Most of us would leave this guess for our friends and enemies to discuss behind our backs.

The message of courage which this book carries is not only for "polios" but for those of us who stand erect in defiance of some serious physical disability, those who require a spiritual brace, or crutches to support a broken heart. Sooner or later in almost any life we must learn, as Bentz Plagemann learned, that our essential human personality has the power to survive external catastrophe, that in this power, indeed, lies our only security. And while as Mr. Plagemann reminds us, this is something we must each learn individually, in the loneliness which is man's most constant companion, "My Place to Stand" points the way ahead for those to whom the experience is still to come, and reaffirms with faith a truth for those who have already learned.

Master of Narrative

O. HENRY: The Man and His Work. By E. Hudson Long. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 150 pp. $2.75.

By HOLLIS ALPERT

FOR many of our latter-day short-story writers the name O. Henry stands as a symbol for much that is unholy. He was by no means the originator of the "snapper" ending to the short story, but he was certainly the most prolific and popular utilizer of it. The imitators of the O. Henry "twist" flourished in the popular magazines for a long time and, although the demand for this kind of ending has considerably abated, one can still see the vestigial remains of it in the "short-shorts" featured by an occasional magazine. Aristotle called this particular virtue—or defect—of the tale, *Peripeteia*, and his translators coined from it the phrase "reversal of the situation." In a story like Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" the reversal can be seen used to magnificent effect and in the same writer's "The Necklace" we see it rather cheapened. But since the quality of irony seems to have always permeated the short story, reversal of the situation will probably remain as a time-honored device with which to achieve it.

That O. Henry preferred to think of his endings as the inevitable ironic working out of his stories is made clear by E. Hudson Long's new study of the man and his work. He did not regard the method as a trick, but his imitators saw it so, and many writers after him mastered the trick and gained easy popular success, to the sad detriment of other qualities in their work.

Mr. Long has more often chosen to report on his researches than to interpret and so we are provided with two varying and unintegrated versions of his working methods. One version shows him as often beginning a story without knowing how it is going to end; another has him working the story out fully in his mind before ever setting a word to paper. According to Mr. Long the primary source of O. Henry's inspiration was the life he lived and observed, and he became a short-story writer because he became aware of the new market for a romanticized reporting on life. He entered the field to sell his wares and, for a time, operated much like a reporter, furnishing a story a week to the *New York World* and relying for material (for this seemingly impossible chore)

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upon his incessant wanderings through his fabulous city of four million. However, from this book, we can obtain only cloudy glimpses now and then of the development of that narrative mastery which could result in a remarkable story like "A Municipal Report."

O. Henry's life was an undeniably tragic one, and it came to an end at the age of forty-eight, after only eight literarily productive years. Mr. Long's task has shed some clarifying light upon Will Porter's Texas years, including the circumstances of the trial for embezzlement of bank funds which sent him to the Ohio Penitentiary for a term of five years. Although there is a curious hesitancy on Mr. Long's part to do much more than hint at the "shadier" portions of O. Henry's career, it seems evident that the writer-to-be actually did filch some money (amounting to something like $800) from the small bank he worked in for a time, probably in order to keep going his little newspaper enterprise, a paper which he filled with his first humorous inventions. To escape the consequences O. Henry fled Texas, abandoning, in the process, an ailing wife and a young daughter. His eventual return for trial resulted in the unusually harsh jail sentence. But it was while serving out three years and three months of his term that he wrote and published many of the earlier stories which made him and the name O. Henry popular, and brought him to New York.

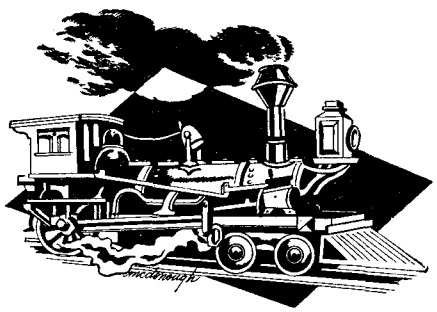
Mr. Long's hesitancy (or perhaps an overly conscientious desire for understatement) operates again when he treats O. Henry's last years. These were years of "illness" and financial trouble, even though his earnings were remarkably high for a writer of that period. He was generous with his money, but Mr. Long mentions the possibility of blackmail to account for his continual need of it.

We do learn, in the account of his death, that nine whisky bottles were found underneath the bed in the last hotel room he occupied. We learn also the diagnosis of his illness: cirrhosis of the liver, along with associated conditions generally accompanying acute alcoholism. The latter word never does find its way into this book. Unfortunately, all this points toward some speculations of a more psychological nature that might have been highly valuable in understanding "the man and his work," and we are left in a kind of fascinating darkness about the inner complexities of his nature.

The facts alone of this colorful and unhappy man's life make absorbing reading, and Mr. Long has dug up some new ones to add to those in C. Alphonso Smith's earlier biography. But as more than a partial portrait of the man, as more than a cursory examination of the work, this study is altogether wanting.

Personal History Notes

JAMES WATT AND THE HISTORY OF STEAM POWER, by Ivor B. Hart. Henry Schuman. $4. Dr. Hart is not taken in by the pretty fable of little Jamie Watt watching the lid of the tea-kettle bounce and saying, "Go to, some day I shall invent the steam-engine." That story came from an aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, who was just being wise after the event. Actually, there were plenty of purposeful kettle-watchers before Watt, and Dr. Hart pays them due notice. He devotes



much space to technical aspects and reproduces many examples of primitive steam plants, but one does not need to be a mechanical engineer to follow him. Watt himself emerges as an amiable as well as a gifted person —his is the success story of a man who deserved to succeed, and who knew that, for better or worse, he was ushering in the industrial revolution.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON: THE NEW CRICHTON. A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT, edited by Samuel Stevens Hood. Beechhurst. $5. Nearly forty men and women who have seen him plain linked hand and heart to create this tribute to Dr. Henderson, the grand old man of Chapel Hill, mathematician, scientist, historian, biographer of Bernard Shaw, and fifty years a teacher at the University of North Carolina. The contributors include Gerald W. Johnson, Percival Chubb, Betty Smith, Walter Pritchard Eaton, Lennox Robinson, and the late Holbrook Jackson and Charles A. Beard, and there are letters from Bernard Shaw and Albert Einsten. The forword is by Dr. Frank Porter Graham. Bibliographies of Dr. Henderson's writings in various fields are appended. There are sixteen pages of photographs, ranging from Archibald Henderson as King Arthur (1885) to a fine portrait study by Bayard Wootten (1947). It should be worth any man's while to strive to live so usefully and productively as to merit such a monument as this while he still has the insight and outsight to read the noble inscription. Dr. Henderson deserves well of his school and of the republic, and here is the proof of his deserving.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI, by Paramhansa Togananda. Philosophical Library. $3.50. This is the detailed life story of a native of India who embraced yoga and became one of its most widely-known and widely-traveled practitioners, eventually founding a yoga institute, at Encinitas, California. It presents a revealing picture of the author's family and of his life in India, and of his subsequent experiences in Europe and America. There is an illuminating chapter on Luther Burbank, to whose memory the book is dedicated, and whom the author calls "a saint amidst the roses," and there is an interesting account of Gandhi. Of the sincerity of the author's convictions there can be no doubt; his is a long and earnest narrative that cannot but impress and interest the Western reader. There is an abundance of excellent photographs.

FLUTE OF THE SMOKING MIRROR, by Frances Gillmor. University of New Mexico Press. $4. Prescott (Miss Gillmor herself cites him) suggested that the long names of Aztec heroes had raised hob with their immortality. Her own hero is Nezahualcoyotl, son of Ixtlilxochitl and Matlalcihuatzin, his wife. The names are not Miss Gillmor's fault, of course; as a matter of fact one gets used to them, and soon they trip off the tongue as readily as Schaghticoke, New York. Nezahualcoyotl (which, unfortunately, means Hungry Coyote) was born on the day One Deer in the year One Rabbit (1402) and lived until 1472. Miss Gillmor's account, based on competent sources, is a legitimate free-hand reconstruction, full of dialogue, of his career.

Nezahualcoyotl was a king, an engineer, a codifier of laws, and "the only poet on the American continent whose name comes out to us from the pre-Columbian mists." The illustrations (there are some seventy-five of them) are tracings by Ola Apenes from Aztec manuscripts and they supplement as well as ornament the text. This is a lively and painstaking piece of interpretation, and an admiroration.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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Seeing Things

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

MR. ROOSEVELT used to point out that all "ifs" are not alike inasmuch as some are more "iffy" than others. Since Robert E. Sherwood has written the book for "Miss Liberty,"* not unnaturally Mr. Roosevelt came to my mind when I saw the show. So, too, did many "iffy" conjectures.

If the libretto for this opulent and populous musical, thought I, were the work of John Smith (not the Captain); if its music had been composed by Joe Brown (without the "E"); and if John Jones (minus the intervening "Paul") had directed it, what would we think of it? Wouldn't our attitude be very different? Wouldn't we be more lenient to such a trio of unknowns because our sights would be lower? Wouldn't we be mildly grateful for what they had done and less mindful of what they had failed to do? In short, wouldn't we accept "Miss Liberty" as a routine, almost resolutely uninspired Broadway offering —a sort of sequel to "Up in Central Park"— and let it go at that?

The program, however, puts an immediate end to all such "ifs." In ink which refuses to vanish, it prints the names of Robert E. Sherwood, Irving Berlin, and Moss Hart. These are magical names; a Big Three bound to send hopes vaulting.

No one in this country has written popular music more popular than Mr. Berlin's. No American author, as both dramatist and historian, has garnered, and deserved, so many awards as Mr. Sherwood. No Broadway figure is more associated with wit and deft professionalism than Mr. Hart. Let these three men pool their talents and naturally one is tempted to believe the result will be three times as good as anything they have done singly. To expect the best—the fabulous, almost impossible best—from such a triumvirate is inevitable. This is the penalty they pay for the esteem in which they are held.

As if living down such expectations were not a sufficient handicap, "Miss Liberty" faces still another. It has to live up to "South Pacific" and "Kiss Me, Kate." A crueler test could scarcely be imagined. Different as they are in manner and materials, "Kiss Me, Kate" and "South Pacific" are alike in one respect. They are both superior musicals. Their excellences are as distinguished as they are uncommon. Each is a model of its kind. The one may be sophisticated, the other romantic, yet each has a fine freshness, a genuine vitality, an exuberance, a bounce, an unmistakable sparkle.

It is these very attributes, so welcome and delectable when they are present, which are missing in "Miss Liberty." The production is a lavish one. The cast is telephone directory large. The settings and the costumes all have an expensive look. But, with the exception of Jerome Robbins's dance numbers and Ethel Griffies's playing of a bogus old French countess, the things which money cannot buy are absent. In their stead is the very quality one least expects. This is a commonplaceness from which the evening never escapes.

Mr. Sherwood's book is strangely thrifty with its humor. Its laughs, even its smiles, are few and far between. The story it tells is an elaborate one, about how a French girl, thought to be the model for the Statue of Liberty, is brought to New York in 1885 as part of an imaginary newspaper war between James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald* and Joseph Pulitzer of the *World*. As this rather feeble yarn is unfolded, it becomes increasingly clear that Mr. Sherwood is ill at ease, indeed downright uncomfortable, in what for him is the alien medium of libretto-writing.

MR. BERLIN, as an old resident of Tin Pan Alley and one of its brightest ornaments, might be expected to come to Mr. Sherwood's aid. For once, however, Mr. Berlin's music seldom rises above the perfunctory. It is unblessed by the melodies one associates with him and has none of the gaiety which, for example, was so notable a feature of his music and lyrics for "Annie Get Your Gun." As

—*Pix, Inc.*

Eddie Albert and Mary McCarty—"the things which money cannot buy are absent."

* *MISS LIBERTY, a new musical comedy. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Book by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Moss Hart. Dances staged by Jerome Robbins. Settings by Oliver Smith. Costumes by Motley. Orchestrations by Don Walker. Presented by the Messrs. Berlin, Sherwood, and Hart. With a cast including Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, Mary McCarty, Charles Dingle, Philip Bourneuf, Ethel Griffies, Herbert Berghof, Tommy Rall, etc. At the Imperial, New York City. Opened July 15, 1949.*

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STAGE

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
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MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
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20th CENTURY-FOX
•
ON THE WONDER STAGE
IN PERSON!
SID CAESAR
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EVELYN KNIGHT
ON THE ICE STAGE
Excerpts from Bizet's "Carmen"
starring
CAROL LYNNE
SPECIAL—ARNOLD SHODA
•
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for Mr. Hart's touch as a director, it barely makes itself felt.

Henri Bergson, in as somber an essay as was ever written on a gay subject, spoke of "the special mandate of arousing laughter." What this mandate is, few have ventured to say with Bergson's assurance. No topic makes for duller reading than grave analyses of that which has provoked smiles. The surest way of taking the cream off the jest, and curdling it to boot, is to have some sobersides try to explain why it was funny.

Equally dull, I fear, is any attempt to explain what has failed to provoke smiles or enjoyment in the case of such a musical as "Miss Liberty." The lightning strikes, or it does not. An idea proves or does not prove its merits. A thousand complicated and complicating features are involved. One and only one thing can be taken for granted. No people collaborating on entertainment are deliberately unentertaining. But being an entertainer is a hazardous profession. Unpredictable, too. Like de Lawd's job in "The Green Pastures," "it ain't no bed of roses." In its own way it means having to "r'ar back and pass a miracle."

A measure of how far "Miss Liberty" is from being a miracle is that, in spite of all of its prancing and singing young people, the pleasantest, most captivating feature of this new musical comedy is Ethel Griffies. By Broadway standards this is not unlike having Whistler's Mother win a bathing beauty contest.

Everyone who saw Miss Griffies in "The Druid Circle" must remember how she shook John van Druten's sometimes sleepy play into vivid life. She performs the same pulmonary service whenever she appears as the Parisian flower-woman masquerading as a countess in "Miss Liberty." Miss Griffies, if the Carters of Cartersville will forgive my saying so, is no spring chicken. Yet, instead of suffering from the handicaps of age, she enjoys all its perquisites. Although she is as sprightly as a bobby-soxer, she possesses the technical authority of the real old-timer. She does not steal a show. She makes it. She knows not only precisely what she is doing but precisely how and why she is doing it. Such certainty is always one of the first guarantees of a theatregoer's being able to relax. Among the uncertainities of "Miss Liberty" such relaxation is the more welcome.

The best of cooks for the biggest of parties can fail with dishes that ought to be sure-fire. If you have any doubts on this score, "Miss Liberty" will remove them.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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STAGE

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"Earth-Rooted" Theatre

INTERNATIONAL FOLK PLAYS. Edited with an introduction by Samuel Selden. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 285 pp. $5.

By Gordden Link

THIRTY years ago the Carolina Playmakers presented two one-act plays by students in Professor Frederick Koch's playwriting course. One of the playwrights on that occasion was Thomas Wolfe. But more significant were the words "Original Folk Plays" printed across the playbill. This was the first time the phrase had been used in the American theatre; it marked the birth of a genre in dramatic literature. In 1939 Professor Koch explained his concept of folk drama as unrelated to the folk play of medieval times, which tended to be communal in authorship. It bore a closer relationship to the peasant plays of the Irish Renaissance, where a single author dealt consciously with the folkways of a simple people living "apart from the present-day, complex social order." At Chapel Hill the plays also had to do "with folk subject matter, with legends, superstitions, customs, environmental differences, and the vernacular of the common people." In short, the term "folk" made reference "to that form of drama which is earth-rooted in the life of our common humanity."

According to Samuel Selden, successor to Koch and editor of "International Folk Plays," the folk play today, while still "earth-rooted," is no longer necessarily tragic and the people in it are not representative of any particular class or locality. It ranges widely among moods, styles, and locales. But its one unalterable requisite is its principal concern "with some fundamental hunger common to all men—a hunger for bread, shelter, affection, elemental beauty, or a little light to illumine the mind."

In this frame of reference and as an illustration of how the original concept has grown, Professor Selden presents nine plays written since 1935 and, with one exception, first produced by the Carolina Playmakers. Seven of the playwrights belong to the racial group of which they write; the other two have lived for long with the people in their plays. Norway, Denmark, South Africa, Syria, China, Canada, and Mexico are represented, along with a Jewish home in Newark and Negro salvation in Georgia. One thing each of these plays has in common. The reader shares a well-defined emotional experience without the blocking of foreign or dialect material.

Five of the plays were written after the regime of "Proff" Koch. Two of these seem to the present reviewer far and away the best in the collection: "The Courting of Marie Jenvrin," a Canadian play by Gwen Pharis, produced in 1941 by the University of Alberta, and "Wherefore Is This Night," Violet Fidel's play about a Jewish family, presented in 1946 by the Carolina Playmakers. Worthy of comment is the fact that Miss Fidel was nineteen when her play was produced. It is significant that both of these plays should nose out, in even one measured judgment, Josephina Niggli's "The Red Velvet Goat," a *saenete* (Spanish farce) which is well known in both the United States and England. Miss Niggli, it hardly need be said, is perhaps the most distinguished folk playwright in America.

Other impressive performances are "Tarantula," a study of a warped mind on the Copenhagen waterfront, by Kai Jurgensen, and "Fleas and Figs," a comic commentary on the mores of Northern Syria, by Mary-Averett Seelye. But all of the plays could easily have been described by Frederick Koch in terms of his original concept: "they are realistic and human; sometimes they are imaginative and poetic."

Drama Notes

BLUEPRINT FOR SUMMER THEATRE—1949 Supplement, by Richard Beckhard and John Effrat. John Richard Press. $1.50. This thirty-four-page, paper-bound, mimeographed booklet, compiled and edited under the auspices of American National Theatre & Academy (ANTA), is for professionals and apprentices, little-theatre and university groups. Cross-stitched before, after, and in the middle of statistics are articles by Vernon Rice, theatre editor, *New York Post Home News*; producer Richard Aldrich, and Willard Swire, assistant executive editor of Actors' Equity, who, respectively, reminisce on "Summer Theatre '29 and '49," answer questions on the rural rialto, and discuss living problems. From the sample budget it is apparent that nobody gets rich. More than 250 summer theatres are listed, together with individual personal contact addresses and apprentice accommodations.

TOO MANY THUMBS, by Robert Hivnor. University of Minnesota Press. $2.50. A three-act satirical fantasy of man's evolution from anthropoid to mystic. The microcosmic scene is a university laboratory; the title role (finally spelled out "all thumbs," in case you didn't catch on) a trapped chimpanzee, whose mind and soul are tinkered with, respectively, by a young animal psychologist and the school's professor of contemporary religion. When the play was presented at the University of Minnesota Theatre in January 1948, Eric Bentley admitted, "I am not sure I have as yet grasped all its meanings . . ." Neither are we—nor, evidently, Off Broadway, Inc., which attempted to produce it at New York's Cherry Lane Theatre two weeks ago. What we did get has acuity and the climax is superbly ironic, although occasional fun about the simian's virility made us yawn. Probably no uglier jacket will be designed this year.

IMMORTAL SHADOWS, by Stark Young. Scribner's. $3. Choice selection of theatre criticisms Stark Young wrote for *Theatre Arts Monthly, The New York Times,* and The *New Republic* between 1922 and 1947, when he resigned from the last-named. Among other Broadway milestones, he evaluates John Barrymore's "Hamlet," the Moscow Art Theatre, the Habima (sic) Players' 1926 engagement, Mei Lan-Fang, the Old Vic, his own translation of "The Sea Gull," "The Miracle," Duse, a trio of Shaw dramas, and four by O'Neill. Ever objective, Mr. Young never stumbles from rhetorical grace into a cliché of his or anyone else's contrivance. His diagnoses are sober and authoritative —principally interesting in retrospect, however, to the devotee.

27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON, by Tennessee Williams. New Directions. $3. *THE GLASS MENAGERIE, the same.* $1.50. Excepting the New York production of "Summer and Smoke," Tennessee Williams seems to have endless talent for writing haunting plays even without after-images of Laurette Taylor and Jessica Tandy. The poignancy of the hurt, lonely folk parading his one-act collection, "27 Wagons Full of Cotton," is blurred somewhat, however, by the accumulation of rather extraordinary casts and situations.

In the title play the plump, masochistic wife of an indignant arsonist is tickled, ravished, and whipped by a vengeful plantation superintendent. "The Purification," a New Mexican fantasy in verse, shrieks of in-

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cest, murder, and suicide. The morbid young man in "Auto-Da-Fé"—tortured by a pornographic picture he chances upon—cauterizes his spirit, and a roomer's, by setting fire to his rundown, Vieux Carré home. There are unhappy loose women in three plays and a pathetic loose child in another. "The Last of My Solid Gold Watches" is a lightly sketched parallel of Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman." In "Portrait of a Madonna" a gentle spinster imagines that a former jilter is "indulging his senses" with her. She is last seen being led off to an asylum by the doctor and nurse from "A Streetcar Named Desire."

During its run "The Glass Menagerie" was suspected of being more than slightly beholden to its performers for the 1945 Drama Critics Circle Award, a speculation that a reading of the play disqualifies. The son (and narrator) still seems fuzzy, but the other three roles—the twittering mother anxious to marry off her lame, dispirited daughter, and particularly the gentleman caller—have an even more defenseless appeal on the page, while production notes do much to visualize the set, a St. Louis alley.

Prefacing both books are essays by Mr. Williams, which offer further insight into one of our most vital playwrights.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN, by Arthur Miller. Viking. $2.50. Everyone, introspectively or otherwise, knows Willy Loman, the failure, and whether his fate derives from non-creative enterprise, as Arthur Miller suggests, or (the heck with that) simply represents nearly everybody's smashed dreams, "Death of a Salesman," winner of the Pulitzer and Drama Critics Circle prizes this year, is harrowing, memorable theatre. One almost shies from reliving its heartbreak in book form, yet in some respects the tragedy comes off even better, if no less troubling, in that medium. Certainly in the requiem scene at Willy's grave, where his neighbor Charley clumsily calms Linda Loman and the quarreling sons, his words don't sound false in print as they did on the stage—read as an improvised eulogy. The dovetailing of Willy's wandering mind with reality is easily followed, and the two young men, ruined by their father's insistent fancies for them, are separately defined; but we still wonder whether "whore" and "lousy" would be part of that quiet, compassionate mother's vocabulary. The endpapers and jacket designs sketch in the play's set for Book-of-the-Month Club and other readers, who, if they aren't legion, ought to be.

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

FICTION

(Continued from page 17)

Boundary" its chief elements of value for the serious reader. The author displays a notable deftness in bringing minor figures to life with a few words; a feat which he performs with several American officers, beginning with Thomas. But what remains with the reader, above all, are the several attitudes of the Russians towards their fatherland and the Great Experiment; their several responses to the pull of home and the grip of the revolutionary ideal. Freedom for them, if they seek it, cannot be a single step. It must be a transforming process, perhaps a long one.

"Green Boundary" is well worth reading for more than the fiction. But it is not all pleasant reading for Americans. If we sent but one Melnikov back to the Soviets, we should all have to confess murder. And it seems there were many Melnikovs.

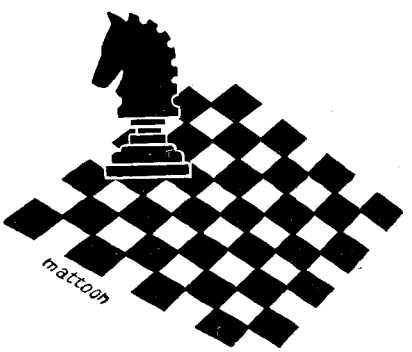
Cesare with Pen in Hand

THE BORGIA TESTAMENT. By Nigel Balchin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 312 pp. $3.

By CARLO BEUF

THIS fictionalized autobiography of Cesare Borgia opens on a note typical of the Renaissance: "I set out to do something too big for the men of my day to understand. For the moment, I suppose, I have failed. . . . But will men think so in 2004?" Enduring fame, to defeat death by living on in the memory of posterity, was the chief preoccupation of that classic-concious age. Cesare, realizing that he had come to the end of his rope, could not bear the thought of being forgotten, so he proceeds, pen in hand, to give his own version of his achievements for the instruction and edification of future generations.

Up to a few months before, he had been the most flamboyant figure in Italy, if not in Europe. As Duke of Valentinois, Gonfaloniere, and Captain General of the Church, confederate of Louis XII of France, and factotum of Pope Alexander VI, he had been instrumental in breaking the power of Ludovico il Moro and the Aragons of Naples; he had bullied the Florentines into buying his friendship to the tune of 36,000 ducats a year; he had kept the turbulent Italian condottieri in check and had brought half the peninsula under the banner of the Papacy. During four eventful years the proudest aristocracy of Italy had courted his favor, his subjects had hailed him as a liberator, and Machiavelli, the sharpest mind of his time, had seen in him the embodiment of all political virtues. Then, suddenly, Fortuna, the handiest scapegoat yet devised by man, had deserted him. As Machiavelli put it, Cesare had foreseen everything that he should do at his father's death, except that he himself should, at the same moment, be lying helpless at death's door. This accidental circumstance had given Cesare's enemies the opportunity they had been waiting for. In no time at all his army, his possessions, and his friends had vanished, while he, locked up, had been left to brood upon his past glory and the capriciousness of Fate.



Cesare Borgia's "Testament," supposedly written at the time of his captivity in Rome, might have made very interesting reading, for, despite all that has been said about him during the past four and a half centuries, Cesare still remains one of the most enigmatic and unapproachable figures in the history of the Renaissance. Unfortunately, Nigel Balchin, who guided his hand, made him dwell chiefly on the least revealing aspects of his life. Here we are told, at great length, of Cesare's hatred for his brother Giovanni and of the many family squabbles that kept the House of Borgia divided against itself, of his horror of bloodshed (*sic*), of his (utterly imaginary) aversion for Italy, and of his somber misogynism; but such very vital facts as his masterful handling of the rebellious condottieri, his brilliant civic and military reforms, and his momentous interviews with Machiavelli are scarcely touched upon or altogether ignored. Indeed, the name of the Florentine Secretary is never mentioned, a startling omission in a book of this sort. On the whole, Mr. Balchin's Cesare is a man living, fighting, plotting, as it were, in a daze, without apparent aim or purpose. After reading his "Testament" we still don't know what the "big things" were which were to make him famous throughout the ages. The man of 2004 is in for a disappointment.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

ONLY FOR AMERICANS

AT THE risk of inspiring an interdepartmental note of encroachment from Mr. John Mason Brown who works in this neighborhood, our sermon for this week has to do with "Miss Liberty," the tripartite production of Irving Berlin, Robert Sherwood, and Moss Hart which is now on Broadway. We are content to leave the dramatic criticisms to Mr. Brown. The only part of the play that concerns this department, really, is a song called "Only for Americans" which is sung with (I'm sure Mr. Brown will agree) unusual vigor by Ethel Griffies, an ingenue of some seventy-odd years.

Through the good offices of Irving Berlin, who wrote the lyrics, Miss Griffies makes it musically clear that such dallyings as the "midnight life in gay Paree," the "prices in the smart cafe," and "dirty postal cards" are, indeed, only for Americans. Specifically, Miss Griffies and Mr. Berlin are intimating six nights and two afternoons a week, that what the francophilanderers find so engaging about Paris is actually as spurious as a three dollar bill. Say they: *

The little holes for peeping through
To see what naughty people do
the French would bore
They're only for ... Americans ...

The bed on which a king made love
Which there are several dozens of
The French poo-poo
We sell them to
Americans ...

Those old Na-pol-eon brandy labels
That recently were made
They're not for Frenchmen's tables
They're for the Yankee trade

A Frenchman's food is very plain
The fancy sauces with ptomaine
Are only for Americans

While the American carouses
Where the crimson shadows creep
The French avoid those houses
They go to bed to sleep

These opinions of Mr. Berlin, as intoned by Miss Griffies, are in sharp contrast to a lengthy brief we have had recently from Paris. Jammed to the ateliers with Americans, France could fill a canyon with complaints arising from international misunderstandings. The French report analyzes the points of dissension and in each case offers a solution. Rushing to the side of Franco-American unity, we have rearranged the report into a list of suggestions which Paris is anxious for all Americans to paste in their hat before disembarking at Le Havre:

▼ Unless you would normally register at the Waldorf or the Plaza in New York, don't reserve space in France's "palace" hotels, such as the Ritz, the Crillon, or the Georges V. "Palace" hotels are the only ones not bound by a price ceiling.

▼ When you get your hotel bill you'll find you have been charged fifteen per cent extra for service. It's an all-inclusive fee, and the management prefers that you refrain from additional tipping.

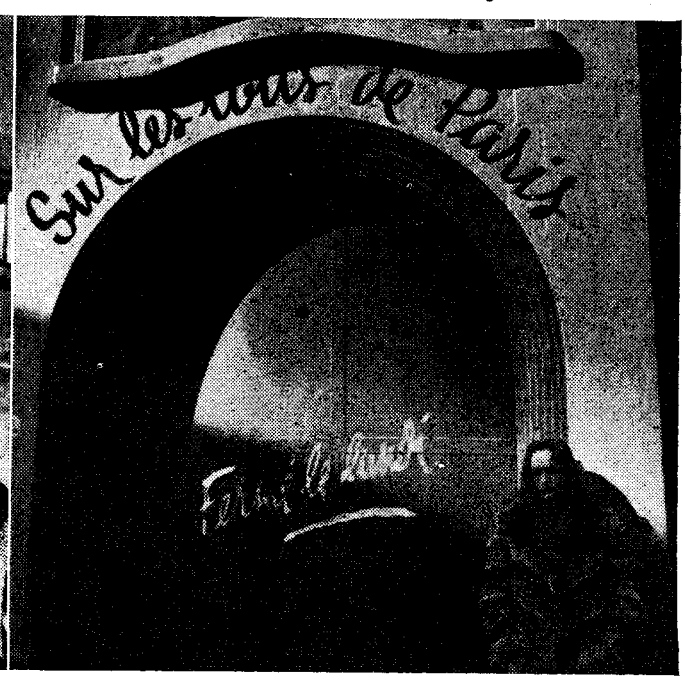
▼ On the French railroads you won't have to wait for a table in the dining-car vestibule. Before each meal the steward passes out numbered slips which will tell you your table number, what sitting you are in, and what time you can expect to eat.

▼ The same goes for buses. Don't jostle your way in or you may come a cropper on the Champs Elysées. You get your priority slip at the bus stop and just clamber aboard when your number is up.

▼ A Frenchman examines his restaurant check, so there is no reason why you shouldn't too. If you find a ten per cent service charge add enough francs to make the tip fifteen per cent of the total. In elegant restaurants you may also find a charge for *couvert*. That is unalterable French custom. If you

* Permission granted. Copyright 1949 Irving Berlin.

"Those old Na-pol-eon labels. . . ."



"The midnight life in gay Paree. . . ."

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want to avoid high prices look for one of the 1,000 restaurants which, by recent agreement, offer meals in four categories, from ninety cents to three dollars. Wine, coffee, and service charge are extra.

▼ Americans subconsciously relate high figures to high prices, and sometimes feel they are being overcharged. Remember, 1,000 francs is only $3, 100 francs, 30¢.

▼ Don't let automobile horns jangle your nerves. The French have five times as many bicycles on the highways, and a fifth the number of traffic lights.

▼ On odd days of the month park your car on the side of the street with the odd numbers. On even days park on the even side. If you park overnight you'll be violating the rule in the morning.

▼ Don't be alarmed if your taxi meter drops every hundred meters. The clock starts at the equivalent of 7½¢, and rises 1½¢ every 1-16th of a mile. Tip a flat ten per cent.

▼ If a highly-prized piece of soap is missing from your hotel room, it was obviously also highly-prized by the hotel's employees. Try to be tolerant. The citizens have been luxless since 1939.

▼ Remember that the Continental method of eating without changing over has been approved by Emily Post.

It is also accepted French habit to: Kiss the hands of married women, but never of maidens. Eat olives with a fork. Sop up sauce with a wad of bread.

The song from "Miss Liberty" says:

A Frenchmen never eats the snails
With little ulcers on their tails

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Fitzgerald: "The Rubáiyát." 2. Wilde: "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." 3. Shelley: "To a Skylark." 4. Moore: "The Last Rose of Summer." 5. Wordsworth: "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." 6. Milton: "Lycidas." 7. Waller: "Go, Lovely Rose." 8. Song of Solomon. 9. Shakespeare: "Bridal Song." 10. Herrick: "The Argument of His Book—Hesperides." 11. Marlowe: "The Passionate Shepherd." 12. Arnold: "Requiescat." 13. D. Rossetti: "The Blessed Damozel." 14. Browning: "The Patriot." 15. Noyes: "The Barrel Organ." 16. Lowell: "Patterns." 17. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale." 18. Swinburne: "The Forsaken Garden." 19. C. Rossetti: "Song." 20. Tennyson: "Maud."

And all that cheese
Was made to please . . . Americans . . .

Now it specifically states in our communique that the foods a Frenchman eats which look strange to us became popular when there were shortages in more conventional fare. When it became necessary to eat a snail, an oursin, or an octopus, the French simply prepared them as palatably as possible.

Maybe what Mr. Berlin means is God bless America.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

GREAT BRITAIN, edited by Doré Ogrizek. Whittlesey House. $6. By all odds this is the best volume so far in the World in Color Series. For the first time the writing matches the brightness of the illustrations, perhaps because this is the first time Mr. Ogrizek has used writers who are totally familiar with English and impatient of pedantry. It takes the writers 157 pages to cover London, but thereafter the book takes in the rest of England, Scotland, and Wales in a breezy, delightful, and thoroughly readable manner. The illustrations, the forte of the series, are here in profusion—almost one to every page. You'll find picture maps, paintings, prints, and, oddly enough, a number of cartoons. It's all as lively as a circus, and I wouldn't go to Britain without it.

IT'S AN OLD STATE OF MAINE CUSTOM, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Vanguard. $3. Edwin Mitchell is the man who makes it easy to get through customs in the United States. He is responsible for four of the six volumes in the American Custom Series published thus far. The only cause for worry is that the formula will become stylized, and merely be applied against any local culture such as Texas, Brooklyn, or Jersey City. It's an old State of Maine custom to be superstitious, but that was a custom, too, among the old Cape Codders, and probably there are few native superstitions in Jersey City. Mr. Mitchell calls digging the potato a Maine custom. He tells of the early suspicions of New Englanders, who were chary because potatoes were not mentioned in the Bible. Word got around they were an aphrodisiac, and there was a rumor rampant that a steady diet of spuds would kill a man in seven years. It is Maine custom, too, to have a genuine sense of humor, and the author has unearthed some earthy examples. As the Maine social worker said at a mission boat launching, "I hope she won't be a holy roller."

THE BOLIVAR COUNTRIES, by William Russell. Coward-McCann. $4. The countries in question take their name from the liberator Simon Bolivar who vowed to free the southern Americas at twenty-three, and accomplished his self-imposed mission by forty-four. They are Colombia, Ecuador, and Venezuela. Mr. Russell finds Colombia a land of culture where taxi drivers write poetry and illiterate peons know the date of Franklin Roosevelt's birth. Ecuador is backward, gets fewer than 400 American tourists a year, harbors the Jivaros who shrink their grandmothers' heads and sell them to travelers. Venezuela, he says, is tough and suspicious, a place where streets have no names but street corners do. A novelist and a playwright, Mr. Russell humanizes his travel book by making frequent use of recorded conversations. Nor does he get lost in South American reveries. His appraisals are made from a popular Yankee vantage point. Hotel information is included.

They of Unstilled Heart

By Marguerite Janvrin Adams

UNTAMED, undisciplined child,
the world a mirage of dreaming,
color and smell of wind,
feel of the soft sheep nuzzling
upland slopes of green,
bird in its northward flight,
the saffron sunset blurring,
how will you fare again
after this special knowledge?
The conch-shell holds your draught,
the bell-buoy knells your hour;
intrepid you ride the dawn,
neutral to night and to stillness,
holding within your hands
the inescapable waters.

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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

A NUMBER OF THINGS

IT is well to include in summer reading for boys and girls some books that inform as well as entertain. The question mark in their minds that is so much in evidence during the school year is also very much on hand during their vacation. Through summer camps and Scout trips they learn things they have never known before. This new knowledge can be strengthened and crystalized through the right books. Reviewed here they will find some good stories, an especially good book for reading aloud and storytelling, and others that tell them a number of things.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

SONNY-BOY SIM. By Elizabeth W. Baker. Illustrated by Susanne Suba. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. 31 *pp.* $1.

This reviewer has recently returned from a trip to the Cumberland Mountains in Kentucky. Reading Sunny-boy Sim's story aloud she hears in it the voices of the mountain people, their accent and their rhythm. It is not a folktale, but it has the sound and the continuity of one. It tells of Sonny-boy Sim and his hound dog, Homer, how they go off into the mountains and try to catch three wild animals—a black-face coon, a bear, and a deer. But each time the animal gets away from them, and laughs at them. That night, when Grandpappy begins to play on his fiddle, the three animals and their brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins come to the cabin and dance in the moonlight with Sonny-boy Sim and his hound dog, Homer. "And they all danced to the tune of Grandpappy's fiddle till the moon went down behind the piney woods."

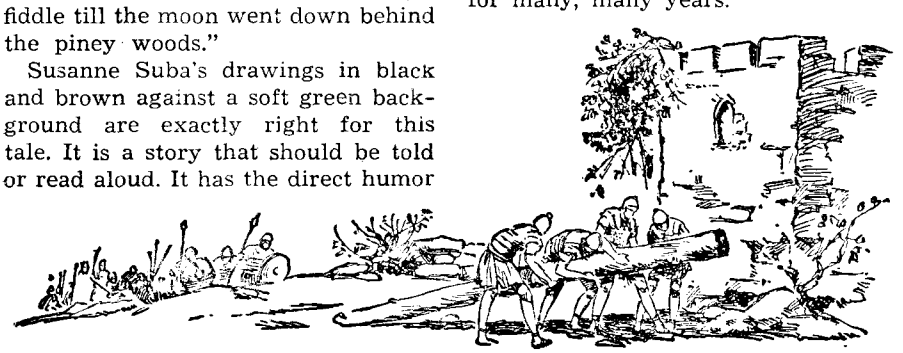
Susanne Suba's drawings in black and brown against a soft green background are exactly right for this tale. It is a story that should be told or read aloud. It has the direct humor and the rhythm of a folktale—and it makes this reviewer homesick for the Southern Highlands.

MORE DANISH TALES. Retold by Mary C. Hatch. Illustrated by Edgun. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 237 *pp.* $2.50.

The first volume of Danish folktales retold by Mary Hatch was published in 1947. Those were from the famous collection translated by the Danish scholar J. C. Bay. These have been selected from Sven Grundtvig's book "Folkaeventyr." They were translated into English by the illustrator of both volumes, Edgun. Mary Hatch's wording has everything to recommend it. It is rhythmic and lively. It preserves the continuity and the essential humor.

Reading them aloud is to long to memorize and tell them. It would be a delight to watch the faces of the children when you began a tale with these cryptic words: "There was once a king who had an only son. He was the handsomest lad you ever laid eyes on, but as vain as a peacock and full of bad manners beside." There isn't a story in the book that does not cry aloud for a storyteller to share it with boys and girls all over the world.

The format of this book, like that of "Thirteen Danish Tales," is very attractive. It is printed on a cream paper in clear, not too large type. It has story headings and full-page drawings that have the humor and liveliness of the stories. Boys and girls will love it, but to the storytellers it is a treasure that will be with them for many, many years.



—*Illustrations from "A Picture Dictionary of the Bible."*

"Battering-ram."

PAINTBOX SUMMER. By Betty Cavanna. With decorations by Peter Hunt. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

It is rare to find a story for girls that tells so honestly and so sensitively the thoughts and emotions of first love. Kate Vale wants to be an artist. When the story begins she is caught up in the emotional tangle of the marriage of her only sister whose social poise and gaiety she lacks—and envies. She goes to spend the summer in the art colony in Provincetown as a pupil and assistant of Peter Hunt. Her progress as an artist is encouraging and the friendly, informal atmosphere of the colony releases her. Then she falls in love with an attractive young Portuguese fisherman and, when he falls in love with another girl, goes through all the agonies of jealousy and frustration. It is Bill, the wise-cracking, ambitious American artist, who helps Kate find herself. Against the background of Cape Cod in summer with the Peter Hunt school as its focal point, the story develops naturally and with unflagging interest. It has a touch of humor and it is completely honest in its human relationships. It is a good choice for any girl who is beginning to think of the years ahead. Peter Hunt's decorations and cover-jacket make this a charming looking book.

"Pilgrimage."

EDDIE AND THE FIRE ENGINE. Written and illustrated by Carolyn Haywood. New York: William Morrow & Co. 189 *pp.* $2.

Like the same author's "Betsy," young Eddie is an extremely popular person among the younger boys and girls. He and his three brothers live with their father and mother in a small town that might be almost any small American town. The things that happen to Eddie might easily happen to almost any American boy. But, as Miss Haywood tells them, they are funny and exciting and most satisfying. In this, the second chronicle of Eddie, he acquires a goat, plays Santa Claus, rides on a fire engine, meets a little girl called Anna Patricia and is fascinated by her complete lack of

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teeth, and generally gets into trouble —and out of it. Story and illustrations are even better than the first "Eddie" and quite as good as the ever-popular "Betsy" books.

AT THE PALACE GATES. By Helen Rand Parish. Illustrated by Leo Politi. New York: The Viking Press. 64 pp. $2.

Paco, the little "hill-billy" boy of Peru, makes the long, hard journey to Lima and, when his "bossman" is injured in an accident, sets himself up as a bootblack in the Plaza de Armas. In the garden of the Palace he finds two wild vicunas—the strange, graceful animals that belong in his native hills. Paco makes friends with them, and gets into trouble with the guards. But he is a keen, alert young person, so he is the one who overhears the plot to kill the President of Peru and gives the alarm. He is very proud when the President tells him that he may stay at the Palace and care for the vicunas. Perhaps when he is old and tall enough he, too, may be a Palace guard.

We have very few stories for younger boys and girls about Peru. This one has value for its graceful, fluent writing and its convincing atmosphere. The characteristic drawings by Leo Politi are printed in pink and pale blue.

—M. G. D.

CELIA'S LIGHTHOUSE. By Anne Malloy. Illustrated by Ursula Koering. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 248 pp. $2.50.

This is the story of Celia Laighton Thaxter, a mid-nineteenth century poet, who spent much of her childhood on the Isle of Shoals, where her father was a lighthouse keeper. Miss Malloy covers the years between the Laightons' departure for their new island home when Celia was five and her marriage to a young schoolmaster. In between were years of island living, of dangerous storms and beautiful summer days, of the slow development of a child into womanhood. The story is told with understanding and sympathy, and with keen insight into a young girl's mind and heart. The illustrations are very well done.

Unfortunately, perhaps, this reviewer feels that he cannot stop with these words of praise for a sensitive and readable book. If this were a story, it would merit nothing but praise. The difficulty lies in the fact that it purports to be a biography of an historically important woman. Many readers will accept it as a biography, will be entranced by its charm—and will get a distorted and inaccurate picture of a person and of a period. This is fiction, not biography. The author invents conversations, analyzes the imagined thoughts of her characters, and shows a fine disdain for historical accuracy. Miss Malloy's talent as a writer is very real. It is not fair to young readers, however, to label a book biography when it is really fiction.

—Ralph Adams Brown.

ANDREW JACKSON. By Jeanette Covert Nolan. Illustrated by Leej Ames. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 178 pp. $2.75.

The life of Andrew Jackson was full of color, action, and suspense. As a youngster he was familiar with danger, insecurity, and violent death. His education and training were haphazard and unsupervised. His adult years brought defeat, frustration, and discouragement as well as success and honor. He was a man of unusual physical stamina and great moral and physical courage, capable of love and tenderness, and yet often stubborn, suspicious, and even vindictive.

Jeanette Nolan has written a biography of our seventh President that is outstanding among American biographies for boys and girls. It emphasizes the action and color that young people desire in their heroes without sacrificing accuracy in matter and presentation. Here are chapters that cover Jackson's tragic childhood during the Revolutionary War years, his removal to the frontier, his courtship of Rachel Robards, his rise to military and political leadership and to the Presidency. Young people who read this biography will learn to know one of the strong personalities of American history. They will be made aware of his faults,but they will know, too, his tremendous strength.

—R. A. B.

ALBERT EINSTEIN. By Elma Ehrlich Levinger. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 174 pp. $2.50.

ALBERT EINSTEIN. By Catherine Owens Peare. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 152 pp. $2.50.

Writing a biography of the generation's most profound scientific thinker that would be understood by high-school boys and girls might appear to be an impossible task. Yet these two recent biographies of Dr. Einstein have succeeded in portraying him in such a way that he becomes comprehensible to teen-age readers.

Both books possess the common feature of emphasizing Einstein as a living person with everyday human interests and experiences. The two studies trace his career as a child, a schoolboy, a university student, a government worker, a teacher, and a professor to his present standing as a scientist of world-wide fame. They both bring in also his travels, his musical career, and—especially—his championing of such causes as toleration, pacifism, and Zionism. Explanations of his scientific theories are kept to a minimum, and the basic elements given can be grasped by readers who have had no training in science.

Mrs. Levinger's book will appeal especially to young people. The Peare biography, however, contains a good deal of background material that requires more careful reading and is better suited, perhaps, to a more ma-

—From "Sonny-boy Jim."

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ture mentality. Both books are informing and revealing.

—WILLIAM G. TYRRELL.

A PICTURE DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. By Ruth P. Tubby. Illustrated by Ruth King. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 64 *pp.* $1.50.

In the format of a picture book with attractive drawings in black and white by the illustrator of "A Picture Book of Palestine" this is a list of words used in the Bible and their definitions. The selection shows a thorough knowledge of children and their needs. The four hundred definitions and their accompanying illustrations are interesting and informing.

CHILD'S GARDEN OF VEGETABLES. By Robert V. Masters. New York: Greenberg. 32 *pp.* $1 *each.*

CHILD'S GARDEN OF FLOWERS. The same.

These attractive little books present their owners with packages of seeds, five vegetables and five flowers, and tell them exactly how to plant and cultivate their gardens. They are so arranged that the seed packages can be taken out, leaving the text and diagram drawings intact. The vegetables are tomatoes, lettuce, carrots, broccoli, and squash. The flowers are petunias, bachelor buttons, candytuft, forget-me-nots, and zinnias.

BITS THAT GROW BIG: Where Plants Come From. By Irma E. Webber. New York: William R. Scott. 64 *pp.* $1.50.

An attractive book bound in paper with illustrations printed in red and green, this tells how seeds germinate and gives simple experiments to show their beginning and their growth. If he has the interest and the patience, almost any child, in the city or the country, could carry out these experiments. It is the fourth book in a series of books about plants and animals.

WHAT SHALL I DO? By G. Warren Schloat, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 90 *pp.* $2.

Bound as a loose-leaf note book and illustrated with excellent photographs, this should be the answer to many problems on rainy days, or even on sunny ones. It shows, clearly and objectively, just how to make simple things out of easily acquired materials, how to do simple but amusing tricks, how to play unusual and interesting games. Little children would need help in working out these things, but the "middle-aged" and older boys and girls could do it for themselves.

WHAT THE WAR DID TO PROSE

(*Continued from page* 7)

asked, "Still want me in the store?"

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes." She deliberated. "It is time that American designers stopped being afraid of French competitors. You import a great many French clothes, Julius. I'd like to compete with them."

He said, "We'll talk about this tomorrow, in my office, at eleven. And it will be very legal, with Seth sitting in, some of the other executives and a lawyer perhaps. You will ask for a large salary and you will get it. Unless you prefer another arrangement?"

"Such as . . . ?"

He said, "This is a family concern." He looked at her small face under the small hat. "And to share, in that fashion, you would have to be one of the family."

"Julius—"

He said, "I love you very much; I have always been fond of you, Meg. I think you are fond of me. We are friends, we understand each other. Would you, then, marry me?"

Passages like these prove better than anything else how fully established the colloquial style has become today. Twenty, thirty years ago mass literature was written in heavily ornamented prose; today's products would then have been considered unsalable.

But that doesn't mean that the fancy literary devices evolved by the "mandarins" haven't found their way into the literary basements. Sandwiched between the fast talk of today's mystery stories we are apt to find flashback passages in the impressionistic manner ("Neckscarf streaming out flat behind her like a pennant. . . . Hair trying to do likewise. . ") and the products of the lending-library queens are studded with ersatz stream-of-consciousness in italics (*"What a smug dolt I have been all my life!* she remarked inwardly. . . . *These are fine thoughts indeed for an incipient schoolmistress,* she told herself. . . .").

Are these pieces of contrived prose fossils of an earlier period or are they the first signs of a new cycle? There are indications today that the trend has been reversed and that a new "mandarin" era is beginning.

Take Alfred Hayes's "The Girl on the Via Flaminia," the book that everybody has compared with Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms." Yet it contains such Faulkneresque paragraphs as this:

And they were on the truck, lying on the beds and the equipment evac-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
OVER THE GARDEN WALL *Carol Carnac* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Attempted burglary in London mansion, and subsequent death, involves occupants of apt. house and police in many-faceted case.	No better job of British bafflement has appeared this year. Characters, background, sleuths, plot are all on high suspense level.	First-rate
THE RELUCTANT MURDER *Bernice Cary* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Fortyish Cal. spinster gets note that makes her want to kill somebody. She tries—and tries—and tries. . .	"Off-trail" story extremely well handled, in acidly kittenish fashion. Conclusion rather weak but readers will like to see it end thataway.	Exhilarating
LAYOUT FOR A CORPSE *Gene Goldsmith* (Mill: $2.50)	San Francisco radio script-writer finds corpse of ad. ag'cy exec. and matches wits, rather disastrously, with local homicide lieut.	Crude energy that animates tale unfortunately fails to rise above miasma of cheap wisecracks and other annoyances.	Below average
TRIAL AND TERROR *Lawrence Treat* (Morrow: $2.50)	Painting with strange history leads to murder, trial of art dealer, and sudden solution by keen-minded lawyer.	Emotional involvements of two attractive girls give pungency to tale with good trial scenes, some scary moments, and surprise ending.	Good

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uated from the field hospital, he and Volpini, and Volpini said jump jump when at Bir El Acroma the English had strafed the column, coming over, low, and you could see the flashes, intermittent, in the sunlight, short and fiery, and he jumped, limping grotesquely into the ditch as though the ditch would help. From December fourth to the twenty-third of December. See how he remembered the dates. How the dates clung. How the time was fixed. From December fourth to the twenty-third of December. The Retreat. And then it was Christmas Eve in Tripoli.

Or take Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead"—famous—or notorious—for its coarse language and copious four-letter words. Actually, it is a work of complex prose, interlaced with elaborate Dos Passos-like devices and containing many passages of almost Proustian introspection:

> He realized the tenseness with which he had been waiting for the shell to land by the weak absorptive relief that washed through his body. All his senses felt gratified, exhausted. The war, or rather, *war*, was odd, he told himself a little inanely. But he knew what it meant. It was all covered with tedium and routine, regulations and procedure, and yet there was a naked quivering heart to it which involved you deeply when you were thrust into it. All the deep dark urges of man, the sacrifices on the hilltop, and the churning lusts of the night and sleep, weren't all of them contained in the shattering screaming burst of a shell, the man-made thunder and light? He did not think these things coherently, but traces of them, their emotional equivalents, pictures and sensations, moved him into a state of acute sensitivity. He felt cleaned in an acid bath, and all of him, even his fingertips, was prepared to grasp the knowledge behind all this. He dwelled pleasurably in many-webbed layers of complexity.

"Many-webbed layers of complexity" may seem the opposite pole from the bareness of journalistic prose. But if this style harks back to Joyce and Proust, to the "mandarins" of the 1920's, there is an even more complex style that derives from Henry James and the early 1900's. Jamesian hesitancies and gingerly qualifying phrases fill the Pulitzer Prize novel of 1949, James Gould Cozzens's "Guard of Honor":

> On the face of it, Colonel Ross must admit, it would be hopeless to embark such an Army on a serious military campaign. Such men certainly did seem to need "indoctrination" the worst way—that is, if you knew nothing about the history of American arms. Colonel Ross could remember from his youthful enlisted days the attitude of the heroes of that war, the disgruntled volunteers. They had soon learned a song which—it was worth remembering, too—had drifted down to them from the Civil War. The song's enjoyable concluding couplet went:
>
> "We'll hoist Old Glory to the top of the pole;
> And we'll all re-enlist—in a pig's asshole!"

This irritable, almost infuriated scorn; this coupling of images, with the wish to outrage fancy sentiments entertained (they suspected) at home, summed up the American attitude. Colonel Ross, and anyone who used his eyes and ears, could see it had not changed. Colonel Ross doubted if it could be changed; and, as a matter of fact, whether from any practical military standpoint it needed to be changed. When the fighting began the bitchers would fight all right. Indeed, the event, the battle, proved that—still bitching, only more so; despising their officers still more; hating the Army still more, and regarding orders still less—they would usually fight to somewhat better purpose, man for man, than whoever was opposite them.

These little masterpieces of far-from-journalistic prose are not avant-garde writing; they were taken from best-selling novels. To me, they seem clear evidence that such movements as the rediscovery of Henry James, the Kafka revival, or the cult of existentialism are beginning to have effects beyond the highbrow literary fringe. A new postwar "mandarin" style is coming into its own.

In short, the literary pendulum is swinging back. Or, perhaps, we can look forward to a synthesis between the wartime triumphs of journalism and the new prose experiments of our uneasy peace.

Rudolph Flesch has specialized in analyzing literary style since coming to the United States from his native Vienna in 1938. *His work "Marks of a Readable Style" won him a Ph.D. from Columbia in* 1943. *He is author of "The Art of Plain Talk" and "The Art of Readable Writing" and acts as a consultant to publications and business organizations.*

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FAREWELL TO LANNY BUDD

(Continued from page 19)

new part of the world and witness an episode of history. Many times these characters took up a life of their own, entirely unforeseen by their author. Thus, for example, Laurel Creston came in quite casually, to provide a few moments of humor in a drawing-room. She pleased nobody and nobody expected to meet her again. When she decided to marry Lanny Budd, I was as much surprised as he was.

Lanny needed a wife who would stick by him. In a period of thirteen years he had had five consecutive love affairs, and some ladies of my wife's acquaintance considered that too many. I point out to them that Lanny never left a beloved woman. One of them died, and one was murdered by the Nazis; two left him to become countesses, and one for a stage career.

The critics say that the story is unbelievable, because no one man could have had so many adventures and witnessed so many of the scenes of history. Of course not—but what is going to become of the world's adventure stories and dramas if you set up a standard such as that? In most of the tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare you have to begin by admitting some impossibility before you can enjoy the fun or shed tears over the agonies. Do you believe in ghosts? The probability is that you don't; but you have to accept the premise that the ghost of Hamlet's father came to him and told him all the details of a crime that had been committed. We all agree to shiver with horror over what follows. I could list play after play that requires the same sort of concession. In the case of the Lanny Budd books, you have to accept the convention that one character becomes the medium through whose eyes you are going to witness thirty-three years of the most significant and dramatic events in the whole of human history. Having so agreed, let yourself enjoy the show.

Some have complained of repetition in the different volumes; but that, too, is unavoidable. Hitler is the same Hitler, Göring the same Göring, Roosevelt the same Roosevelt, all the way through; they live in the same houses, wear much the same clothes, and exhibit the same manners. What is new is their reaction to colossal events which are sweeping them along. I am now getting letters from persons who have read nine volumes through consecutively, and testify to the fact that their interest was held throughout, and that they had learned for the first time what had really been happening during the span of their lives. The literary critic of *The New Yorker* recently remarked that he didn't see how anybody could learn anything from one of these books. Maybe he couldn't, but it rather sets him apart from the rest of the human race, which doesn't know everything and doesn't pretend to.

As a historian I am responsible to my readers for the accuracy of what I give them, and on this point I state that I have tried as hard as I know how to get the facts exactly right. I must have written a thousand letters to persons who were eye witnesses of this or that scene, or who had had access to inside information. Thus, in the case of "O Shepherd, Speak!" General Groves read the chapter dealing with the New Mexico bomb test, Robert Sherwood read the chapter dealing with Roosevelt's death, and Thomas C. Howe, Jr., director of the Palace of the Legion of Honor, the art museum of San Francisco, read all the pages dealing with the work of his "Monuments" group in Europe.

THE complete Lanny Budd manuscript must include close to ten thousand pages. Chapter by chapter, it was read and carefully checked by four well-qualified friends. S. K. Ratcliffe, English journalist and lecturer, knows the English language and world history as well as any man I know; R. E. Engelsberg, one-time deputy finance minister of Austria, knows Europe and its languages; Martin Birnbaum, art expert, musician, and world traveler, supplied me with advice from his store of knowledge; and B. W. Huebsch, my publisher and friend, gave me constantly the benefit of his wide learning. With such support I am able to state that, while a few errors of detail have been caught and corrected in later editions, not an error of importance has ever been pointed out by any critic or correspondent.

Interpretation is, of course, another matter. The author has his political and economic opinions, and his hero shares them. Lanny Budd is on the side of social justice and democratic freedom, and is one of millions who risked their lives in that cause. He believes that these two ideals are entirely compatible, and indeed that neither can survive without the other. I think that the world's estimate of my ten large volumes depends upon the success of this double cause. If the totalitarians take the world the books will be burned and their author put in a concentration camp. On the other hand, if democracy, political and industrial, comes to prevail the books will become required reading in high-school courses in World War history.

Meantime, they are finding readers and friends without official assistance. Each of the nine so far published has stayed on the best-seller lists for months. The clubs have taken several. Oddly enough, in Japanese translation "A World to Win" has outsold America, excluding the book-club sales. The sales of the eight volumes so far published in Britain have come close to those in America, and would undoubtedly have exceeded them if it had not been for the paper shortage. Foyle's Book Club in London offered to take 140,000 copies of volume two, "Between Two Worlds," but sufficient paper in wartime could not be obtained. In foreign countries a total of forty-six translations of Lanny Budd books have so far appeared. You will find them listed in the appendix to "O Shepherd, Speak!," also the 140 additional translations in preparation or contracted for.

There are critics who look down their noses at these stories; they are far too popular, and too easy to understand. I have long since become accustomed to reading discussions of my country's novelists in which my name is not mentioned. Recently I read that the *Colophon* had invited critics to guess what American writers would be read a hundred years from now, and I observed my name at the tail end, tied for twentieth place with Mr. Robinson Jeffers—a strange team. I remind these critics that the Lanny books have been cordially praised by H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, Thomas Mann, Theodore Dreiser, Albert Einstein, Gertrude Atherton, Lewis Browne, Irving Stone, Louis Bromfield, and so on through a long list of writers who have been kind enough to write me letters; not to mention the many thousands of unknown persons who have done the same.

It happened that last night I picked up a copy of *Newsweek*, dated the middle of October 1948, in which fifty Washington correspondents, rated as the country's highest political experts, were asked who was going to win the election, and all fifty answered: "Dewey." Something like that could happen in the book world, too.

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The New Recordings

MUSIC ON TAPE—II

SUDDEN rumors are afly that a "large company" plans a fourth kind of home record—pre-recorded tape records—to bolster the present confusion (and just possibly to appear at the time of a projected settlement whereby everybody would make all three kinds of discs). Confirmation is naturally lacking. But doubtless plenty of experiment has been done already on these lines, tape having proved itself so thoroughly during the last year both professionally and in the home. Such mass-use tape records, we can speculate, would be in cartridge form with a special tape player attachment (not a recorder). Plain rolls of tape are too clumsy in the threading and rewinding for us dopes. Major technical problems holding back the tape record have been the high cost of magnetic tape and the lack of a duplication process—since each tape record must be a dubbing.

But in this economic era a large company, guaranteeing mass consumption, could virtually name its own price for raw tape; ingenious new multiple dubbing devices might insure a fair flow of good tape records, though whether thousands or millions is a big question. (Amplifier Corporation of America, maker of the Twin-Trax tape recorder, has already announced plain roll-tape records for existing double-track machines, dubbed from standard recordings. The operation is evidently small scale, with repertory drawn from American and foreign recordings in the Vox-Polydor catalogue.)

But tape records or no, tape itself blossoms. Perhaps "at the push of a button" [*SRL* June 11] was a bit optimistic, yet work with the newer, second-round crop of home tape machines is undeniably easy and increasingly foolproof. The first machines, like most new gadgets, were over-elaborate and bug-ridden. Things went wrong. The pioneer Soundmirror was a typical first-off product, with its three separate motors, baffling handfuls of interlock switches, automatic starts and stops that went haywire (for me anyway).

Its successor is far more tractable, and recording procedure is currently being even more streamlined in dozens of sharply competing new models.

The average home machine runs at seven and one-half inches per second, half the professional tape speed, in either single-track or double-track form, giving home-type sound quality generally a bit better than equivalent disc phonographs, tonal range from 5000 or so (too low) up to 8000, somewhat less than "high fidelity." Single-track machines run a half hour per 1200 ft. roll, double-track models two half hours, the tape running through twice. The "Twin-Trax," with automatic reverse, gives an unbroken hour per roll. Double-track is economical but note that it cannot be cut and spliced as can single-track tape—a major disadvantage in some cases.

For those who must have real hi-fi, the *ne plus ultra* is the Magnecord. This single-track recorder, no larger nor heavier than most home models and as easy to operate, is built to thoroughly professional standards, mechanically and electrically, competes with professional equipment costing in the thousands. It runs at either home or professional speeds, giving superb quality on both, full FM tonal range on the higher speed. The Magnecord comes in various separate-unit professional combinations, a complete outfit running from $650 up, the tape transport unit $275 or so (but building the electronic equipment to match is a highly technical job). A simplified home-adapted outfit minus engineers' gadgets can be made up for you for about $500—use your own playback amplifier and speaker. Electronic Workshop, 351 Bleecker St., New York 14, will do it. Music recorded on this from local (wide-range) FM symphony broadcasts is fabulous. I've heard nothing to compare with it in any form of disc recording whatsoever.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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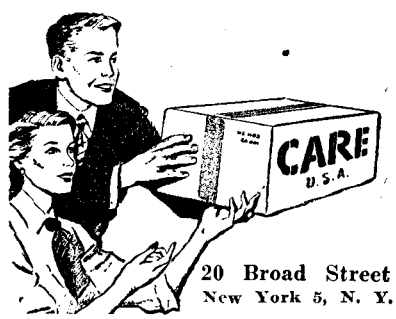

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the Phoenix Nest

BALLAD OF RIVER TOWN

UP until the year she came
The things I knew all had a name.
I, a boy too young to know
How many ways a life could go
Sensed the way men raised their eyes
When she passed, then slapped their thighs.

Her eyes were sort of bluish-gray
Like skies look on a summer day,
And her lips reminded me
Of purple cherries on a tree
Cherries that were ripe and round
Before they fell and stained the ground.

But at night when all the town
Was rimmed in silence and the moon
Cast slanted shadows on the roofs
I could feel the sound of hoofs
Beating on my heart as I
Thought that I could hear her cry.

Quickly I would dress and run
To her house but not go in;
Afraid she might think mine the same
Reason that the others came;
Afraid that seeing me, she'd say
He's just a kid, send him away.

If tonight the years rolled back
And I were standing by her shack
On a pierced and silent night
With the slanted moon for light,
Call it madness, call it sin,
I think she would have let me in.

—HANNAH KAHN.

* * *

PALM WARBLER

It was so still one could hear a leaf fall; still all but for a half-slurred sequence of soft notes that seemed to pour out of the emerald fountain of the elm. We stood there, breathless, waiting, and then the leaves stirred, the air parted, and a small, dull gold flame darted before us and lighted a short distance away on the lowest branch of a young sapling. It was a yellow palm warbler, perhaps one of the least colorful of those sprightly butterflies of the bird kingdom that move restlessly through the forest, filling it with multi-colored light and the soft, slurred persistence of their song.

Whether the little yellow warbler saw us or not, we will never know. If it did, it ignored us as not worthy of its notice, or perhaps it merely accepted us as part of that all-perfect day in late spring, granting us the right to enter his world of sun and leaves and grass. Slowly we became aware of an unreality about our being there, as if we were spying on some secret of nature never before surprised by human beings. We were proud to be allowed to enter the world of a bird smaller than the palm of our hand. His acceptance of us made us accept ourselves in a new light, and we knew it was good, as the day and the spring and the warm fresh wind were sweet and clean and good. The only movement in the whole vast stillness of the wood was the constant up and down flicking of the bird's tiny tail. On its perch several feet away from us, it might at first have appeared like a gold coin. But moving without really moving, we had adjusted our binoculars, so we could discern its small copper crown and the soft, unruffled pale feathers touched by the breeze. How long we stood there, while the bird perched unmoving on the slight, twisted branch, I cannot even guess. It was as if all the clocks in the universe had stopped and time itself had lost all meaning. Eventually it became an undeclared marathon between the tiny warbler and ourselves. We could not, or would not, leave before it did, so fascinated were we and so rooted to the spot. Words between my companion and myself were entirely superfluous. Each knew what the other felt and a sound would have shattered the all-embracing silence and broken the spell. Not a leaf stirred. And then, later, later, the branch shook slightly, almost imperceptibly, the air parted again, and it was gone, helicoptering into a tall sycamore. We looked through the empty eyes of our field glasses, as if we could not believe it had really flown away. Only a golden spash of light still marked where it had recently perched.

—MAE WINKLER GOODMAN.

* * *

I am obliged to P. Bracken Smith, of Portland, Ore., for the following:

PLAINT TO MR. GUTENBERG

A murrain on thee, Mr. G.
I *always* read the printed word.
On roads that wind past field or tree,
Where others find the lowing herd,
Mine eye is drawn hypnotically
To any microscopic sign
From *CURVES AHEAD* to *CALL McGEE*—
HE'LL TOW YOU IN to *GAS AND DINE.*
Let ocean wavelets dance their glee,
Let gulls careen, let break the breakers—
I read up on *CAR WASH—FREE!*
Or BONES & BAHNSEN, UNDERTAKERS.
Behold, now, what you've done to me!
I see the board but not the bird.
A murrain on thee, Mr. G.
I *always* read the printed word.

* * *

INEVITABLE CONCLUSION

When people claim they know the difference between infer and imply
I can only infer they imply that they lie.

—IRA NICKERSON.

* * *

Coward-McCann, Inc. (2 West 45th St.), our near neighbor, is planning an anthology of love poetry, to be published some time in 1950. It is to be edited by Helen Husted, and will have an introduction by someone well known in the field. The poems will be lyrics or shorter pieces confined to love between man and woman, ranging from songs of innocence to tragic passion. Already a good many poems have been selected. The level aspired to is high. The readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* are invited to suggest candidates. For every suggestion used, unless it has already been selected, the publishers will pay $10. All poems must be in the English language. No Shakespeare. The publishers know what they want from him.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 802)

OLIVER W. HOLMES:
CLASS REUNION *

We have been younger, so they say,
But let the seasons roll,
He does not lack an almanac
Whose youth is in his soul.
The snows may clog life's iron track,
But does the axle tire,
While bearing swift through bank and drift
The engine's heart of fire?

*Harvard Reunion, 1855. Other title "Remember-Forget."

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rate: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 17¢ a word; 26 times 19¢ a word; 13 times 22¢ a word; 6 times 24¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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RAINER MARIA RILKE, Ausgewaehlte Werke. 2 vols. Insel Verlag 1948. The set $5. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller and Importer, 100 West 72 St., NYC 23, Dept. 22.

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MATURE EXECUTIVE seeks correspondence with mentally mature, home-loving lady. Box 1041-H.

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YOUNG MAN interested corresponding with young woman interested in books and concerts. Box 1045-H.

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AMBITIOUS YOUNG MUSICIAN desperately needs $800 by Nov. for studies. Ideas or help wanted! Box 1032-H.

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MINISTER, career-girl wife desire 1½-room, unfurnished, Manhattan apartment, Village preferred, where dominie can write dissertation. About $60. Box 1053-H.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 803

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

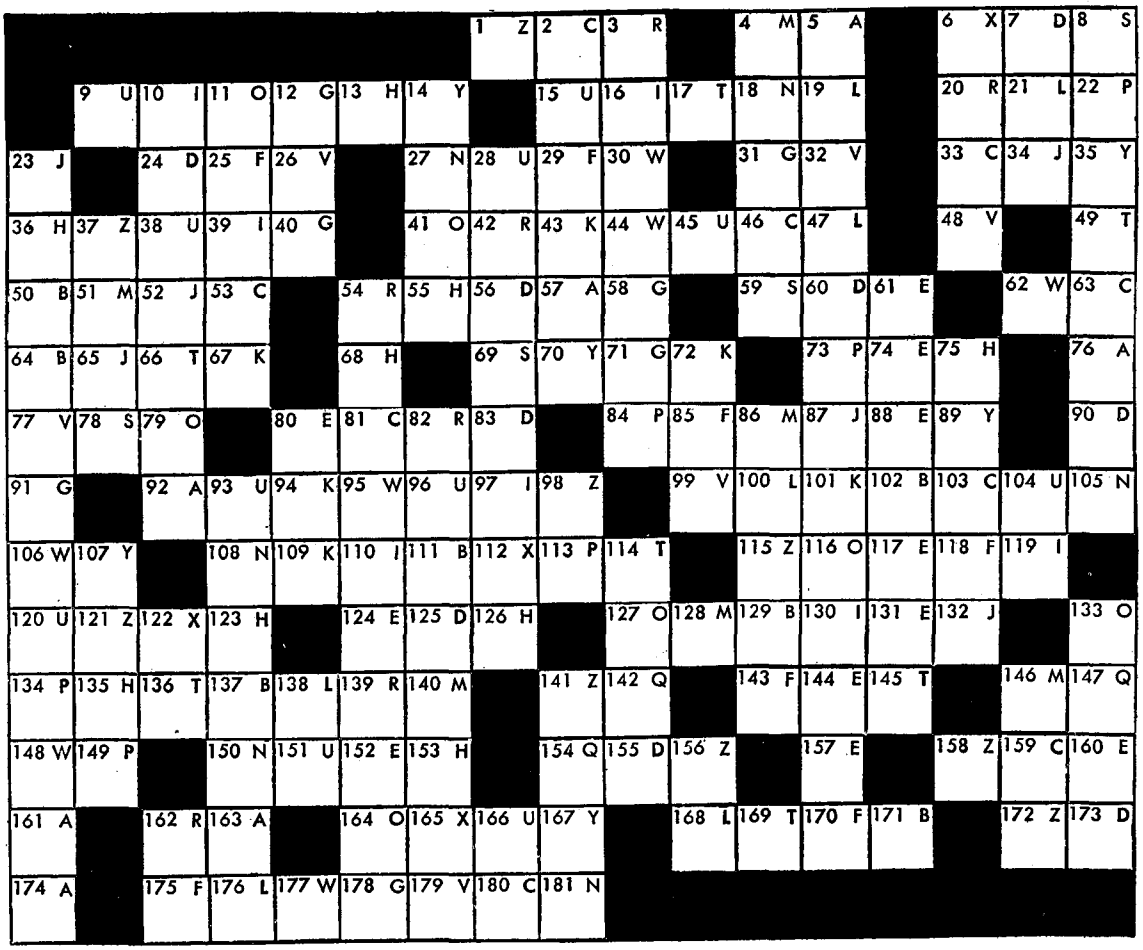
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Austrian composer, conductor, pupil of Haydn (1778-1858).	5 174 57 76 163 161 92
B. To engage or fix, as the mind, etc.	102 64 137 50 111 129 171
C. School at Yale Univ. named after an American merchant philanthropist.	103 81 159 2 33 63 180 46 53
D. *Dutch painter (with "van"; 1590-1656).*	7 60 155 24 173 56 125 90 83
E. Austrian general defeated at Lutzen by Gustavus Adolphus, 1632.	61 124 152 88 131 144 117 80 160 157 74
F. American educator, ex-president of Dartmouth (1877–).	25 143 175 118 85 29 170
G. One versed in a science or branch of knowledge (chiefly humorous).	91 12 71 40 31 178 58
H. American comedian and operatic baritone, later in movies (1849-1917; full name).	75 68 135 36 123 55 126 13 153
I. Badly grown together, as bones (comp.).	119 110 97 130 39 16 10
J. American publisher of Everyman's Library with J. M. Dent of England (1831-1923).	132 34 65 87 52 23
K. To mix; jumble (local, U. S.).	72 109 43 94 101 67
L. Enjoying well-being, esp. freedom from physical ills.	21 100 176 168 19 138 47
M. Member of any one of three Indonesian groups (north central Luzon).	4 146 51 140 128 86
N. Thickset; stocky (colloq.).	150 18 105 27 108 181
O. A blockhead (comp.).	164 116 127 41 79 11 133
P. American markswoman with Buffalo Bill (1860-1926).	134 73 113 84 22 149
Q. Wife of Aegir, god of the sea (Teut. myth.).	147 154 142
R. French painter, scenes of conventional shepherds and shepherdesses (1684-1721).	20 54 3 162 139 82 42
S. First name, Secretary of the Interior, 1893-96.	59 78 69 8
T. One to whom another is held by a constraining motive (law).	169 49 66 114 17 136 145
U. Improperly curious.	96 15 104 93 45 9 28 120 38 166 151
V. *Last name of Russian hero and saint, named after a noted river (1220?-63).*	77 26 99 32 179 48
W. Excites admiration by brilliancy.	30 148 95 44 62 106 177
X. English landscape painter and etcher (1849-1913).	122 165 112 6
Y. An important substance in transformation, formerly called "ferment" (biochem.).	167 70 107 14 35 89
Z. In a foolish or stupid manner.	156 1 115 172 141 158 121 37 98

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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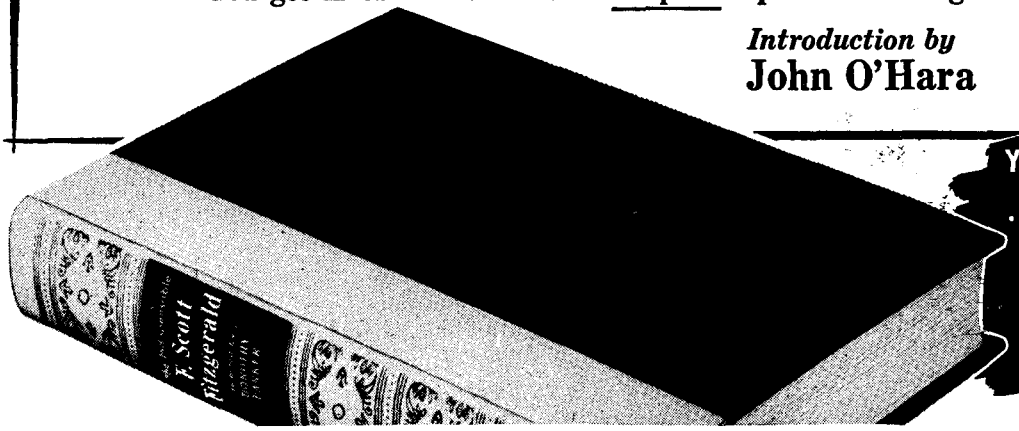

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